

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

What Happened to the Democratic Party

Seymour Martin Lipset

► THE MOST SIGNIFICANT commentary on what has happened to the Democratic Party in the 1952 election is the record of Senator John Sparkman, the personal choice of Governor Stevenson for the vice-presidential nomination. As is well known, Senator Sparkman as a member of Congress has opposed every civil rights measure to grant equal rights to Negroes, or to extend political democracy in the South. He was a participant in a number of filibusters designed to prevent the majority of the Senate from passing such legislation. What is less well known about the Senator is that in 1948, he opposed the renomination of Harry Truman for President, and in his place supported General Eisenhower. Following Truman's renomination, the Democratic Party of Alabama endorsed the Dixiecrat slate for the Presidency, and did not even permit the national Democratic ticket of Truman and Barkley a place on the ballot. Alabama earned the unique record of being the only state in the history of popular national elections which did not permit its citizens to cast a vote for an incumbent president running for re-election. There is no evidence that John Sparkman publicly opposed the actions of his state party, or that he did other than vote the Dixiecrat States Rights ticket. (It is true that following Truman's re-election, Sparkman joined with other Democrats to "purge" the most extreme Alabama Dixiecrats.)

In his voting record on other than sectional issues, Sparkman has earned the title of a Southern "liberal." One must remember that such a title is made in comparison with other members of the most reactionary group in American politics. Sparkman's "liberal" record includes votes for the Taft-Hartley Act and the Smith-Connally labor-control Act, as well as votes against extension of minimum-wage legislation. Since his nomination for the vice-presidency, he has publicly criticized President Truman's handling of the steel strike.

The consideration of Senator Sparkman's record is important for three reasons. First, should the Democrats win the election, he, like all previous vice-presidents, will be only one heart-beat away from the presidency; secondly, as vice-president, he will be the presiding officer of the Senate and

(Continued on page 148)

The Commonwealth Conference

The coming economic conference of the Commonwealth governments is receiving a publicity build-up in London that may be dangerous. The constant suggestion of exaggerated hopes which marks the despatches from London reminds one more and more of the atmosphere in the months leading up to the famous Ottawa Conference of 1932—though we have not yet reached the messianic exaltation which preceded the Bennett-Baldwin meetings. But it appears that once again, in the midst of a disintegrating world, the British nations are to save themselves by some special exclusive action of their own. And while one may remain skeptical

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as to anything much coming out of the approaching conference, its keynote has been admirably expressed in the title of Mr. Harold Wilson's recent pamphlet—"In Place of Dollars."

There are some important differences, however, between the atmosphere of 1952 and that of 1932. The most important is that Canada has no reason to want anything in place of dollars, and has confidence in her ability to earn the dollars she may need. It is Britain which is taking the initiative in the present conference, and Mr. Butler has deliberately absented himself—the only finance minister to do so—from the current meetings of the International Bank and the International Monetary Fund in Mexico City, on the plea that he is so busy preparing for the Commonwealth meetings. But in 1932 the British government—and the Canadian government—had a clearly defined line of action to propose. A tariff wall was to be constructed around the Empire which would shut out foreign traders, and within this wall the British countries would give exclusive preferences to each other. Today the advocates of imperial preference are again vocal in Britain; but the British government has been very vague on the actual concrete policy it will propose, and has so far mostly confined itself to sentimental incantations for the purpose of stirring up the proper imperial spirit. Action like that of 1932 would now require the repudiation of the GATT agreements to which all the Commonwealth governments have given a preliminary blessing. In particular, the present Canadian government is showing a pronounced attitude of "Olympian detachment" toward all schemes of some kind of an imperial sterling bloc which is somehow to develop enough trade within its boundaries to emancipate us all from this pestiferous necessity of earning American dollars.

Canada, in fact, doesn't fit in to any schemes for constructing a self-sufficient sterling bloc which will be able to live without competitive trade in the dollar area. We belong irrevocably to the dollar area, and it is to our interest that the exclusive sterling area should be broken up and merged in the wider area of the North Atlantic trading world. We have given very substantial assistance to Britain in her post-war economic troubles, but our government is now surely right in maintaining that further assistance of this kind is not likely to help put Britain on her feet.

Three times since 1945 the British economy has drifted into crisis. It is surely time now for the British people to recognize that they cannot re-establish themselves as an economy based on overseas trade without taking much more drastic action than they have hitherto been willing to take. Greater productive capacity on a competitive basis with the other advanced trading countries is the only solution to the British problem. It has not been brought about to a sufficient degree by the labor program of nationalization, social services subsidies and controls. It will not be brought about by any Tory effort to seek salvation in the economic exploitation of Commonwealth resources. (Such exploitation requires, in fact, American financial help.) There is no hope that a country like Britain, so dependent on the import of foodstuffs and raw materials, can maintain fifty million people at their present standard of living and at the same time withdraw from competitive world trade. The Labor left wing and the Conservative right wing are each pursuing a will-of-the-wisp. And the moderates in both British political parties must be franker in explaining to the British people the real nature of their crisis and in repudiating false policies before they can expect much more help from this side of the Atlantic.

Here in Canada we face a special difficulty of our own. In the period between the two wars the United States and

Great Britain each took about a third of our exports, and the remaining third was divided about equally between Western Europe and the rest of the world. Of our imports the United States supplied three-fifths or more, Great Britain supplied a fifth to a quarter, and the remainder came about equally from Europe and from the rest of the world. The economic decline of Britain and Western Europe since 1939 has resulted in a trade pattern in which the United States takes more than 60 per cent of our exports and supplies more than 70 per cent of our imports. No doubt there is danger in our becoming so dependent on trade with one country as these figures show us to be. The remedy, however, is to be sought not merely in Commonwealth trade but in trade with the larger North Atlantic world. And it is here that Britain must seek her salvation also. The most useful service our Canadian spokesman can perform at the coming Conference is to persuade the British that their dreams of some miracle-working sterling area are only dreams.

(No doubt we could also, to the profit of the Canadian consumer, reduce our own tariff rates on a considerable list of commodities. But within the GATT framework any reductions we give to Britain must be paralleled by propor-



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tionate reductions in duties against American and other foreign goods. The CCF leaders in parliament would like to increase the flow of British goods into Canada in order to make it easier to sell Canadian wheat in Britain. This program appeals to the prairies from which most of the CCF M.P.'s come. But we wonder how a proposal to reduce duties on British motor cars strikes the automobile workers of Windsor and Oshawa who are now committed by their leaders to vote CCF.)

As to the uncertainty of the American market, on which we have become so dependent, the immediately important fact is that there seems to be no signs of a serious American depression. Moreover, the United States, as her government's economic advisers have recently been pointing out, has now reached the point where her high standard of living makes her less and less self-sufficient in raw materials. Whatever weird things her political tariff-makers may do, the American economy is going to import on an even greater scale during the next generation. And Canada is the country that is likely to profit most from this new phase in American economic history.

Bourassa

Henri Bourassa has never received among English-speaking Canadians the honor that was his due. Perhaps this was his own fault. But as time goes on the importance of his contribution to Canadian politics will be more and more generally recognized. He set out in 1899 to induce his fellow-countrymen to clear their minds as to the nature of Canada's relation to the Empire and as to the nature of the relationship between majority rule and minority rights within the Canadian federation. By 1917 he seemed only to have succeeded in inflaming their passions. But the process of clearing the national mind is always apt to be slow and painful in a nation like ours.

Bourassa was, as he said himself, that unusual combination, "un Castor rouge." As a Rouge, a Quebec Liberal, he made his name early in his career by his opposition to Canada's participation in the Boer war. He applied to British policy in South Africa the same moral and political criticisms that British Liberals were themselves making—something that Laurier was inhibited from doing once he had yielded to pressure and agreed to send a Canadian contingent, and something that no English-speaking Canadian Liberal was liberal enough to do except Goldwin Smith, the expatriated Englishman in Toronto. From this Bourassa went on in succeeding years to a tireless and continuous criticism of Canada's involvement in British power politics. His attack on Laurier's 1910 policy of starting a Canadian navy—"Canadian in time of peace and British in time of war"—was what defeated Laurier in Quebec in the 1911 election. In all the controversies from 1899 to 1917 about Imperial relations Bourassa forced both Laurier and Borden into a clearer definition of their stand and of the stand of their parties than later critics ever succeeded in getting from King and his lieutenants or rivals.

But Bourassa was also a Castor. He set out to educate his fellow French-Canadians to stand up for their rights within the Canadian federation against the English-Canadian majority. To this end he allied himself with the most extreme ultramontane elements in the French Catholic clergy. His appeals which started with the good liberal principle of minority rights, tended to become more and more a stirring up of tribal and religious emotions. The fiery champion of his race, intoxicating himself as well as his audience with his brilliant oratory, came to embody an attitude that made amicable relations between the two communal groups in

Canada impossible. He poured scorn on Laurier's policies of accommodation and compromise. "When Sir Wilfrid Laurier reaches the gates of St. Peter, the first thing he will do will be to propose a compromise between God and the Devil." By deepening and embittering the differences between French and English within Canada, he helped to defeat his own wider aim of uniting Canadians in a policy of national autonomy. Nevertheless, in that generation at the opening of this century when Canadians were being intellectually corrupted by a too easy prosperity, Bourassa did more than anyone else to force his fellow citizens to ask themselves what was really involved in the vague generalities that they called principles.

Church Meetings

The newspapers of Canada have devoted many columns of space to the meetings of the national governing bodies of the Anglican and United Churches. The space devoted to their deliberations testifies in part to the esteem in which these bodies are held and in part to the public curiosity concerning their more bizarre moments. The impression left on us by the newspaper reports is mixed. Admittedly, the governing bodies are large and unwieldy, the price of democratic church government in the new world; and this leads to a mediocrity of discussion which must be filtered down through what a newspaper reporter can understand of a church meeting. The result of all this is perhaps of more interest to a sociologist than to a theologian. The Anglicans, when they get together, can be counted on to deplore the decline of British immigration; and the United Church can equally be counted on to look agast at the cup that cheers. Conversely, a stout Anglican and British voice will always be raised in defence of "the poor man's beer," and the more youthful Canadian tone of the United Churchman will be heard rejoicing that his is a church for Canadians. While many Anglicans apparently tried to be more Canadian, and many United Churchmen more temperate, both groups found themselves struggling with intractable traditions deriving their vitality from a special social and economic history rather than from the gospel. It is a pity that much solid and scholarly work put into the reports to these bodies does not get a better airing, for there is exemplified here that largely unrewarded devotion to truth and duty which is essential to any free society. But following the finer points of their debates, the layman may feel some sympathy with the reporter who observed on one occasion that the bishops were split right down the middle.

Say a Fond Achoo

Hay fever is an allergic disease, as any sufferer will tell you. It is caused by the person developing a queer over-sensitivity to the pollen of an indefinite number of fall plants, of which the main offenders are ragweed and goldenrod and in which hay plays a very minor part. It appears at the end of August, or in early September, and vanishes with the first frost. Every autumn the newspapers, magazines and sundry other communication channels prepare to cover this event. First there is the semi-humorous but self-commiserating article which has to be dashed off by some red-nosed staff member carrying on bravely with his eyes blinded by allergic tears; then there is the lead article on the current miracle drug and finally, in many centres, the daily pollen counts. Every known means of suggestion is applied to the hay fever chronic to tell him that he is going to have it soon—and really have it!

Lately, however, a disquieting note has been heard in this chorus. It is the suggestion that allergy alone does not

explain hay fever and that in every case there is a greater or lesser emotional part to the illness. There is the claim that the person who was possessed of a considerable degree of inner serenity would be very unlikely to be a hay fever addict. Some of these people claim that stress, whether it be emotional or pollen, is added on stress and that when the breaking point is reached a person has hay fever. Others, whose more poetic view we prefer, say that the running nose and the watery eye are the repressed tears from inner sorrows.

We weep not from the state of the world or from the thought of an income tax return a half-year away, but because of our memories from our childhood. Children today and even children when we were young have lost a great deal of function in our society and the society's acceptance of the member without function is always half-hearted. The culture we live in brings emotional pressure to aid the biological drive to have children, but the same culture has no functional place for the child. And so we grow, half-loved and because of this, capable only of half-loving. We want to weep because we never feel loved enough and we early learn that weeping is weak, and weakness is a bad thing.

The place of the newspaper is clear. Let it give up this nonsense about pollen. Let it put out a clarion call to everyone to come to the Great Autumn Festival of Weeping. Let us all sit upon the ground in great circles and weep because we cannot love our fellow man more fully.

Education: Fall Season

In the autumn an old teacher's fancy heavily turns to thoughts of education, or is turned in that direction for him by all the signs of the season, from the sudden silence on the lake-beach near his residence, which only a week ago resounded with the noise of school-free children to the newspaper advertisements of autumn fashions for co-eds guaranteed "to take you through college with verve and dash." The great educational factory is beginning to whirl again; and again the question will not down, is it whirling in the void? There is widespread complaint that, though our schools and universities undoubtedly teach certain practical skills which improve the economic prospects of those who graduate from them, they fail to produce educated men and women. More particularly it is charged that these graduates cannot write or speak English correctly, have a very limited vocabulary, are not widely read, have little intellectual curiosity or initiative, show scant aptitude for analytical and critical thought, and, most serious of all, seem to be afraid of uttering, or even of harboring, an independent opinion.

The blame is usually laid on the substitution of a scientific for a humanistic education. This is not quite just; a modern education must give a large place to science. The trouble is rather that too many humanists have lost confidence in their own cause; they are not quite sure that there are such things as "values"; perhaps the scientists are right after all and the universe is just an egalitarian collection of "facts" ("just one damned thing after another"); so let us make humanism as scientific and as little speculative as possible. When we teach Greek, let us put the stress on philology rather than on Plato's philosophy; when we teach French, let us aim at producing efficient foreign-correspondence stenographers and soft-pedal the tragedies of Racine; when we teach English, let us give courses for scenario-writers and stop wondering what *Hamlet* means; when we teach economics, let us concentrate on "statistics" and not bother about distinguishing Marxism from Fabianism; even when we teach philosophy let us emphasize the most "scientific" branch of that department, psychology,

and go easy on metaphysics. Yet insistence on the reality of the concept of "value" is of the very essence of the humanistic disciplines. If it goes, how can you expect our young people to distinguish any longer one "idea" from another (in any order of validity) — totalitarianism from democracy, religion from pulp-thumping, morality from convention, correctness in speech from purism, good style from "fine writing," education itself from traffic in sheep-skins?

A.F.B.C.

Twenty-five Years Ago

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The unprecedented attendance at the art gallery of the Canadian National Exhibition was attributed to the presence of two evidently questionable paintings of the nude. During rush hours there was a double line up for blocks waiting to get in. Indeed the crowds were so great that one indignant individual protested in a local paper that a decent minded person couldn't get near the place. The newspapers were almost swamped with letters of protest. There were also a few letters from excessively pure persons praising the beauty of the pictures and denouncing those who saw anything unseemingly in them. Many mothers announced their determination to protect their offspring. The exhibition directors, the director of the art gallery itself, city editors, artists and well-known collectors all expressed opinions. There were other nudes on the gallery walls, notably one by the Englishman, Proctor, that was clean, beautiful and unnoticed.

We had the usual artists' and so called art lovers' indiscriminating point of view about the glories of the human form divine, and the sentimentally religious referring to God's finest handiwork, as well as the unconscious mild libertines saying 'Evil be to him who evil thinks.' There were also broad-minded defenders backing up their opinions by citing the fact that both pictures had been exhibited in European capitals without occasioning the least murmur of protest. But then what is commonplace in Paris may be untoward in Toronto. Standards vary, in some places they don't even exist. What is proper for a bar-room may not be suitable for a public gallery, what is familiar to a physician may be shocking to a layman, and what has no degrading effect on a saint may mislead some poor sinner. Even to the pure many things may be impure . . .

(From "The Nudes at the C.N.E." by Lawren Harris.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

(Continued from front page)

will have a great deal of power during any attempt to break a Southern filibuster; and lastly, the fact that Governor Stevenson preferred such a man as vice-president sheds light on his own politics, and role as a compromise candidate.

Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate for president, is a newcomer to American political life. The scion of an old mid-western political family, he is a distant cousin of both Senator Richard Russell, the leader of the Southern Democrats, and Vice-President Barkley. His grandfather was the vice-president of the United States under Grover Cleveland, and his father was an Illinois Secretary of State. Occupationally, he is a corporation attorney. His first important positions in government occurred during World War II, when he served in the Navy and State Departments. Following the war, he was a delegate to the U.N. Governor James Byrnes of South Carolina recommended him to Jake Arvey, the political boss of Chicago, as a prospective popular candidate. Stevenson was nominated for Governor of Illinois in 1948 in what first appeared to be a hopeless campaign. Following a number of major revelations about great cor-

ruption in the Republican state administration, he was elected by a majority of over 500,000 votes, the largest majority in Illinois political history, while Truman carried the state by less than 50,000 votes. This accomplishment is largely responsible for his subsequent presidential nomination, since machine politicians are primarily concerned with winning elections.

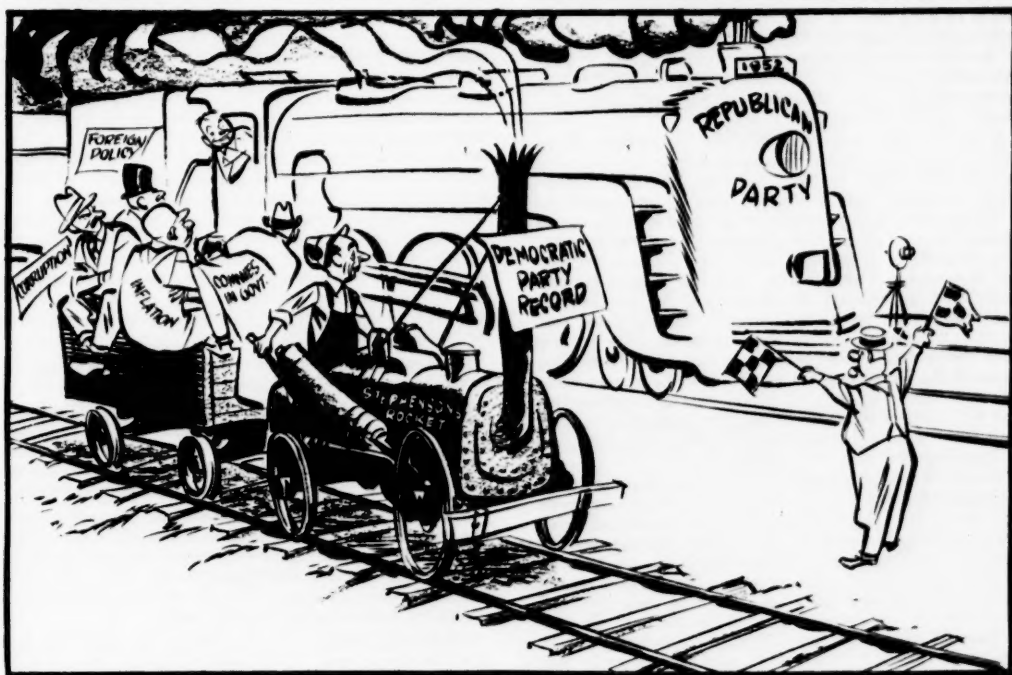
As governor of Illinois, Stevenson conducted a moderate and honest administration. He recruited a number of able men to the state administration. There is some dispute about his administrative abilities, but there seems to be little doubt that he has been among the better state administrators. His state record, however, does not yield much insight into his policies on national questions, since he seems to have consciously avoided commenting on national issues. For example, when making a statement on the Taft-Hartley Act, in April of this year, he stated that it was the first comment that he ever publicly made on that controversial law.

There seems to be little question, however, that Governor Stevenson is among the more conservative of the northern Democrats. As governor he attacked increased government centralization and was regarded by Southern and Republican governors as an exponent of states rights, an ideology which in practice has usually meant to do nothing by both the federal government and the states. Since coming into the national limelight as a presidential candidate, he has clarified his position on a number of national issues. In contrast with Truman's 1948 program, Stevenson has opposed a federal Fair Employment Practices Act, government health insurance, and the administration's Brannan farm price subsidy plan, and has stated that he is for revision rather than repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act.

Like Eisenhower, Stevenson's most positive record is in the fields of foreign policy and civil liberties. He is a strong supporter of the United Nations and the Truman-Acheson foreign policy. He has strongly opposed McCarthyism and attacked witch-hunts in government.

There can be little doubt that the Stevenson-Sparkman nominations represent a sharp movement to the right on the part of the Democratic Party. A large number of Republicans in commenting on the results of the convention stated that Stevenson was almost a Republican in his policies. Stevenson, himself, has done little to dispel this feeling as in a number of statements he has attempted to dissociate himself from the domestic record of the Truman administration.

This surprising end of the New-Fair Deal phase of the Democratic Party can be seen as a result of the victory of a coalition of the big-city machines and the Southern Democrats against the liberal and labor wing of the party. The basic switch within the party was made by the urban party bosses. They were largely concerned with defeating the strongest liberal candidate, Estes Kefauver of Tennessee. Kefauver who had demonstrated a surprising support in party primaries all across the country, had won the deep hatred of the machine politicians by his crime investigation, which had revealed to the voters of the nation the close ties between organized crime and many local Democratic party organizations. In a number of areas, local Democrats blamed local defeats on Kefauver. Harry Truman, still a grateful member of the Pendergast machine, in effect, placed loyalty to the machine above the continuity of his policies, and supported Stevenson. The Southerners felt that Stevenson was right on their basic test, a federal F.E.P.C., while



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE ?

Kefauver, though a Southerner, had never supported the filibusters, had voted for a consistent left-liberal program in Congress, and had stated that if the Democratic convention voted for F.E.P.C., he would actively back it.

The election of 1952 in many ways is comparable to the election of 1924. In that year, the Republicans nominated Calvin Coolidge, while the Democrats after a long and bitter internal struggle on the issue of the Ku Klux Klan nominated the conservative corporation counsel, John W. Davis. There is, however, one basic difference between the two elections, and that is that in 1924, the liberal and labor left broke with the two old parties and ran Robert M. LaFollette on a third party ticket, which obtained over five million votes. It is extremely significant that no prominent liberal or labor leader has even tentatively suggested a third party in 1952.

The essential difference between 1924 and the present is that labor and the liberals have institutional commitments at the present time. One major effect of the Roosevelt-Truman era has been to bring the trade union movement into a dependent relationship with the Democratic Party, and to make them actually part of the party. Close to 200 of the 1200 Democratic convention delegates were union officials. Phil Murray, himself, was a delegate from Pennsylvania. Many of the liberal leaders hold elective or appointive office under the Democrats. A split from the party would affect the individual political careers of many of their leaders, and also would mean that they would have no claim on a Democratic administration.

There seems to be little possibility in the foreseeable future of the liberal-labor left of the Democratic Party splitting to form a new party. Stevenson is too good a politician to drive them, and should he be elected they will probably be given enough rewards in terms of administration policy and patronage to keep them in the party. The one real hope of a revived powerful political liberalism is that the lib-lab wing of the party actually organizes to capture control of local and national party bodies. A Stevenson defeat, which seems quite probable to this observer, will give the liberal wing another opportunity in 1956 to start afresh.

A final comment may be made about the variation in reaction to defeat at the national conventions by the losing sides in both major parties. The Taft right-wing Republicans, following their convention defeat, have continued to indicate their serious doubts, if not open hostility, about Eisenhower as a prospective president. A number of right-wing Republican newspapers such as the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Manchester Union-Leader*, and the *Scripps-Howard* chain, continue to attack Eisenhower and the so-called liberal wing of the party. Taft, himself, has suggested that he can only make speeches for Eisenhower after he gets some clear policy commitments from him. The liberal-labor groups in the Democratic Party, who suffered an even worse defeat, became good party patriots as soon as the convention was over. Instead of placing a price on their support, they have begun a campaign to picture Stevenson and Sparkman as liberals in the New Deal tradition.

In large measure, the difference between the behavior of the right-wing Republicans and the left-wing Democrats may be related to their differential sense of political legitimacy, as well as political know-how. The conservatives feel that they are defending American traditions, and have an accepted place in the political order. The liberals, on the other hand, who have never held power on their own, and who feel on the defensive in terms of the effects of the anti-Communist crusade are apparently afraid to strike out on their own. They will remain weak, until they recognize that no one will pay a price for something that he can get for nothing.

A Visit With Kurt Schumacher

Dorothy Ann Macdonald

► DR. KURT SCHUMACHER was one of the most important men in Europe. He was leader of the Democratic Socialists in Germany, the official opposition party. Germans from all parties I have talked with said he was destined to be the next chancellor after the 1953 elections.

I had read articles about the one-legged, one-armed politician and pictured him as a cold, severe man. That was not the way I found him. He lay on a sun deck-chair where his nurse had wheeled him to the cement patio at the back of his house. With me was Heinz Putzrath, International Secretary at the Social-Democratic Party headquarters. In front of us the garden bloomed with early summer flowers and the swimming pool reflected the warm sun.

"You are looking well," I said. "Much better than your pictures show."

"It is the sun that does it," the lean man with the intense blue eyes replied, his one hand gesturing towards the garden. He said that his doctor told him that by September he would be well enough to attend the Social-Democratic Convention in Dortmund, and after that sessions in Parliament. Unfortunately his doctor was wrong.

"Sorry, I don't speak German," I said.

"Sorry, I don't speak English," he replied in a dry witty way he had. "I should, you know; we are the occupied country."

Over coffee we talked about the treaty which ended the occupation of Western Germany and at the same time brought her into the Western defence scheme. That was on everyone's mind. The coffee houses, the university students' dining room where I ate, the beer-drinking places all buzzed with talk of the treaty. No one, it seemed, was in favor of the treaty being signed so soon. Least of all Dr. Schumacher. He considered the treaty destroyed all chances for German unity . . . that this final division of Germany into eastern and western blocs was another step in the direction of war between Russia and the Western World. In recent weeks and months the Social-Democratic Party has constantly demanded a Four-Power Conference. It has expressed this demand not only because the reunification of their country is a German national requirement, but also because it believes that even the slightest change must be used to diminish the tensions between East and West.

"Is it possible that eastern and western Germany will be united before the 1953 elections?" I asked.

"No, it is hardly possible," Dr. Schumacher answered. "Walter Lippmann has written that such a union could not take place." Then his voice took on a more serious note. "The question of Germany will only be settled when Russia and the United States agree on how to divide the world."

Schumacher felt re-arming Germany at the present time was dangerous. A German army in a split Germany would be controlled by adventurers who would sell their service to the highest bidder, probably Russia. Even conservatives like General Halder, a former chief of the General Staff, are opposed to re-arming Western Germany.

It is not that Schumacher felt defence against Russia was of minor importance. He consistently fought Stalin's supporters. Few men in the West loathed the idea of a communist victory as much as the leader of workers.

Schumacher was equally hostile toward fascism. He was afraid that social and economic forces were shaping a system in Germany today to make a pattern of Nazism. He remembered the alliance of big industry and right-wing parties which made Hitler possible in 1933. Then Schumacher's one hand waved the air again. "Power must not be given over to irresponsible military forces," he warned.

"Under the right conditions the Social-Democratic Party would support a western defence scheme," Dr. Schumacher said. "We would accept Yugoslavia as part of such a scheme, but not Spain. Tito carries much sympathy with the German workers, but not Franco."

With Schumacher there could be no compromise with fascism, whether it was in Spain or in Germany. His active resistance to Hitler sent him to a concentration camp for ten years. Here he endured great hardship, being a cripple with only one arm from the first World War. His experience in the camp made a leg amputation necessary. So then after the war he was given only a short time to live. But for seven years his will to live and shape the destiny of Germany proved stronger than the wreck of his physical frame.

Dr. Schumacher told me that in the elections next year the Social-Democratic Party hopes to form the government with the help of the Centre and Refugee Parties. The Refugee Party is made up of political exiles from Eastern Germany. The main bulk of industry would be left in private hands, but coal, steel, and chemical plants which form cartels will be nationalized. Trade with Canada would be much the same as it is now under the Adenauer Government. Coal would not be a factor, as Germany does not import coal from Canada. Social reforms such as unemployment insurance, and old-age pensions have been instituted in Germany since before the turn of the century under Bismarck, although these will have to be brought up to date.

The Government sits in the present capital of Germany, Bonn. There Dr. Schumacher lived on Venus Hill in a rented home. The former occupant was a cripple who had a special lift built into the house. Schumacher had a nurse and a private stenographer, a bright-eyed young woman who helped him move about. He gave haven to refugees from Eastern Germany in part of his house.

Born into a wealthy liberal family near the eastern border of Germany, Schumacher first adopted a socialist way of thinking during his university days. At that time he was influenced by Engel's description of the terrible conditions among the English working class.

He had a huge brown-skinned dog, a Boxer whom he called Ajax. The dog could be seen roaming the grounds or stretching near Schumacher when he was in the garden. "Ajax doesn't like the swimming pool," Dr. Schumacher said. "He bathes by licking himself like a cat."

He had few relatives left, one sister is his only surviving relation. Frequently he received letters from Canadians and Americans with the name Schumacher, asking if they were relatives. But he had to reply in the negative; there are many people with that name in Germany.

In parliament or at political conferences Schumacher was impatient of contradiction. It was as if the physical effort he had to make to present his program was justification in itself. After all, his attitude suggested, he had been a member of the Reichstag since the Weimar Republic. In that time he had seen so many mistakes made in the face of his better judgment, had he not earned the right to be impatient?

Whatever one thought of Dr. Schumacher, he must still be remembered as an important political figure. His personal

integrity and courage raised him far above the level of the average member of parliament, he was one of the few political forces in Germany whose career over this last troubled decade did not compromise with either communism or fascism.

The Colombo Plan and Agricultural Development

L. C. Coleman

► A RECENT MEMORANDUM issued by the Department of Agriculture in Ottawa to members of the Agricultural Institute of Canada gives a list of 69 agricultural posts in the so-called "backward areas" of the world for which trained men are to be recruited under the Colombo Plan and the Food and Agriculture Organization. The areas extend from Brazil in the west to Eastern Pakistan (Eastern Bengal and Assam) in the east and are almost exclusively tropical or sub-tropical. The types of experts required are numerous and varied. At the one extreme we find master mechanics and workshop foremen; at the other, agricultural engineers, professors of agriculture and, to quote, "a general agricultural expert to advise and assist the government in its examination of the entire field of agricultural research, and in training and administration for agricultural extension." The list is a preliminary one and must be looked upon only as a first instalment of the total demand for expert assistance in the field of agriculture.

This widespread demand is encouraging. The disturbing feature is the hopelessly inadequate periods for which these men are said to be required—periods which, I presume, have been fixed or at least suggested by the countries applying. The following table gives a picture of the demand from the standpoint of period of employment.

Period of Employment	No. of Men Required
4 months	1
6 months	2
9 months	1
12 months	42
2 years	8
3 years	9
not stated	6
Total	69

As will be seen, of the 63 posts for which periods of employment are stated, 46, or 73 per cent, of the total are for one year or less and none is for a period of more than three years. One hardly needs to be an expert in such matters to realize that no agricultural officer, however well trained, capable and energetic, can hope to make any significant contribution to solving the problems with which these countries are faced within a period as short as one year. More especially is this the case with Canadians, almost none of whom have had practical experience of tropical agriculture and its problems. During the twenty-six years of my service as a Director of Agriculture in India, there was only one other Canadian agricultural expert (a livestock expert working under me) in the whole of the country including what is now Pakistan. I feel sure none has been appointed since I left.

In my own case, although I had very special preliminary training in the U.S. Department of Agriculture laboratories in Washington and in the laboratories of the Central Biological Institute for Agriculture and Forestry in Germany, it took me three years to orient myself to the problems I had to face and to make even a beginning toward solving them. During the period I was learning rather than teaching. At that time, the importance of the time factor was so generally recognized that, where, as in my case, an agricultural officer was engaged on a temporary basis, the period was never shorter than five years. I feel very strongly that, in fairness to the men employed, in consideration of the necessity of utilizing, without waste, funds that will certainly be inadequate, and in view of the possible influence of such scientific ambassadors from the free and democratic west on the economic and social life of these countries, the time factor is of the utmost importance. It is quite clear that any contract for a period of less than three years is likely to result in an almost complete waste of time and money, and that very little of value can be accomplished in less than five years. A contract for one year or less would, in the great majority of cases, mean simply a bit of world travel at the expense of the Canadian taxpayer, for it is presumed that the expenses connected with these appointments will be met from funds supplied under the Colombo Plan.

One is tempted to speculate as to why these short and inadequate periods of service have been specified. It seems almost impossible to me that the authorities in the underdeveloped countries concerned could seriously consider these periods of service long enough to produce any very useful results. I suspect that the spirit of nationalism which has spread throughout the East has had much to do with it. These people are determined to be masters in their own house and to utilize the services of foreigners only so long as they feel they have no men among their own people who can do the work. The suspicion also arises that, were the cost of this scheme to be borne by the governments and peoples concerned, they might be more anxious to obtain value for the money spent. It seems to me obvious that the authorities in these countries should be told very tactfully but firmly that, in view of the lack of local experience of the officers being sent and of the complexities and difficulties of the problems with which they will have to deal, longer periods than those stipulated seem essential.

There is, of course, much more to be considered than the question of time in sending agricultural representatives from this country to aid in the development of such countries as India, Pakistan and Ceylon, to name those belonging to our commonwealth. The men sent to these countries must be prepared to find and to work with members of well organized agricultural departments already in existence—departments organized over fifty years ago by able British agricultural experts. They will find agricultural experiment stations by the hundred, and agricultural colleges and high schools in every part of India, Pakistan and Ceylon. In addition, they will find an agricultural population who, though commonly illiterate, are by no means stupid. In fact, many of their implements, tools and agricultural practices are admirably adapted to the agricultural conditions of the area. After all, their agricultural traditions go back thousands of years and it would be strange indeed if, during that period, a body of valuable agricultural knowledge had not accumulated.

It would seem unnecessary to mention these conditions were it not for the fact that, in recent months, we have heard over the air and have read in such widely distributed and reputable periodicals as *Life*, *Time*, and the *Manchester*

Guardian, accounts of recent work being done by agricultural officers working under one or other of the schemes planned to assist backward areas. All these accounts that I have seen have left the impression that for the first time in history enlightenment on better methods has been brought to the benighted peasants of the East. I shall mention two or three cases which will, I think, illustrate my point.

In a fairly recent broadcast by the CBC representative with the United Nations we were informed that one such officer had introduced the western hoe to the farmers of Afghanistan and that, as a result, 30,000 of these modern (?) implements had been ordered for that country. The broadcaster apparently didn't know that, throughout the East, no farmer or farm laborer would think of standing up for such an operation as weeding. He invariably squats, a position which has, from childhood, become second nature to him. His excellent weeding tools, therefore, have, invariably, short handles. The European tea and coffee planters of India, who certainly know their job, would not think of replacing the half dozen weeding and cultivating tools, already available, with western hoes. I predict that the western hoes being introduced to Afghan farmers will be on the junk heap within a year after their arrival.

What applies to hoes applies to some of the other recent so-called introductions by western experts. In a comparatively recent number of *Life*, there is an account fully illustrated of the wonderful work done by a recently arrived "knowhow" expert in Northern India. A photograph of the improved plough he has introduced is given. This particular type of plough has been known in India for the past forty years as the Hindustan plough. It is an implement not much better than the native wooden plough (I speak from experience). There are at least a half dozen different types of improved ploughs manufactured in India, at present, being sold in large numbers that are immensely superior to it. In Mysore State, one such plough introduced over forty years ago is being sold at the rate of about five thousand a year. As far as one can make out from these reports of work being done in India by so-called foreign experts, existing agricultural agencies manned by Indians are completely ignored. I need hardly point out that this is not calculated to lead to understanding between West and East.

Enough has, I think, been said to indicate that the agricultural officer who goes to these countries will have much to learn from local agricultural experts and farmers alike before he can start to instruct. He should go with a humble mind and a sympathetic spirit. If he adds these to his scientific knowledge and his western energy and if he is given enough time to learn, and to make his influence felt, he should prove one of the most potent factors in bringing the West and the East to a better understanding of one another.

I should like also to stress the importance of choosing only comparatively young men for such work. Probably an age of forty-five should be the upper limit. Older men without tropical experience are unlikely to adjust themselves easily to the strange conditions under which they will have to work and may be blind to a great deal that is good in present agricultural crops and methods. Further, the climate will, in many cases at least, prove too much for an older man as often the high point of the agricultural year coincides with the most disagreeable and trying season from a climatic standpoint.

Letters recently received from Indians, who were my former colleagues in the agricultural field, give a very disturbing picture of how western aid is at present being

used. I suppose we must expect a considerable amount of waste in operations such as these, but unless the greatest care is taken, I fear the waste will be appallingly high. It would be interesting to know the extent to which the advice of those who are thoroughly familiar with the problems of these economically backward countries has been or will be sought in connection with the provision of vitally important aid.

Smashing a Communist Ring in Canada

Part 1

Louis S. Belkin

► THE YEAR WAS 1948. The chemical industry which had its real beginnings when the first World War cut off German chemical sources was now an industrial giant of broad proportions. In the very rapidity of its growth it had created a fertile field for Communist penetration.

One union, the International Chemical Workers Union, AFL, represented the organized workmen of the industry. It operated under the leadership of a small tightly-knit group of Canadians. William Edmiston, their vice-president, was overwhelmingly elected to office year after year. Short and stocky of stature, gifted of tongue, he was able to dictate the policy that the labor movement was to follow in the Dominion's chemical industry. He had been born in Scotland but had come to Canada at an early age. From a job in the plant of the Consumers' Gas Company in Toronto he had risen rapidly to leadership in the Union.

On his staff and supporting him in key positions as representatives of the International Union in Canada were four others: George Gare, Charles Manser, William Stirrup, and Raymond Rodrique. Gare directed the activities of the union in Niagara Falls, Stirrup and Rodrique in the Province of Quebec, and Manser in the City of Toronto. Gare professed to be a "Nationalist" Canadian, sometimes almost chauvinist in his attitude toward the United States. Stirrup and Rodrique were French Canadians, apparently devout members of the Roman Catholic Church. Both were young men, in their early thirties. They, too, were fond of taking a "Nationalist" position except that they directed their antagonism at that portion of Canada which lay west of Quebec and Montreal. Charles Manser was an avid disciple of Edmiston who followed his master from the Consumers' Gas Company.

The Canadian section of the Chemical Workers Union was virtually autonomous. They published their own paper, *The Canadian Chemical Worker*. They held semi-annual meetings to which delegates came from the Canadian unions alone. Edmiston controlled these meetings with an iron hand. His domination was such that in 1944 he had led the entire membership of the Gas, Coke, and Chemical Workers, CIO, from that union to the AFL. At that time the Gas Workers were generally understood to be Communist controlled.

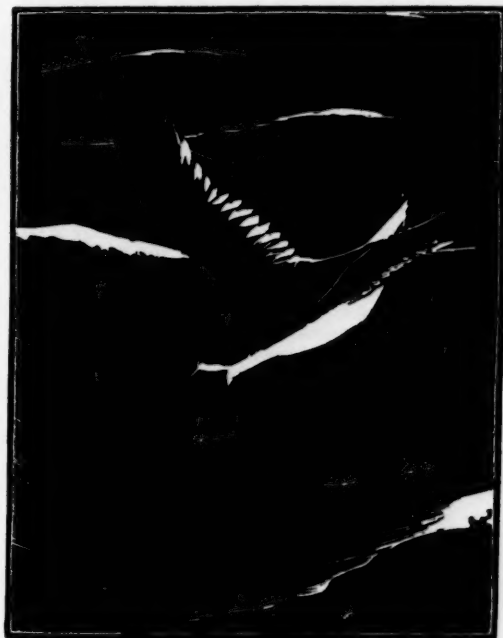
The union to which Edmiston had led his followers was anti-Communist in fact as well in form. Its president, Herbert A. Bradley, had on many occasions been assigned by William Green to combat communism in the Mid-West. Since its inception in 1944, he had built his union to a point where it possessed the largest organized membership in the chemical field on the North American continent.

When Edmiston had led his people into the Chemical Workers Union, the result of his affiliation had been not only to become a part of the American Federation of Labor

but also to become a part of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada. The 360,000 member Trades and Labor Congress is a counterpart of the AFL, and is an associate member thereof. Edmiston soon became active in its councils and played a very influential role in its decisions. It is to be remembered that he represented a very important segment of labor in Canada and controlled fifty or more delegates to every TLC Convention.

At meetings of the TLC Edmiston and the Chemical Workers Union were part of a bloc composed of the Canadian Seaman's Union, Lumber and Sawmill Workers, United Fishermen and Allied Workers (British Columbia), United Textile Workers, and sections or all of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers and United Garment Workers. This bloc was not only able to dictate policy for the TLC but to obtain the key post of secretary-treasurer for John Allan "Pat" Sullivan, president of the Canadian Seamen's Union. (Sullivan later broke with the Communist Party in 1947).

Bradley and the International Chemical Workers Union were completely unaware of the keg of dynamite upon which their Canadian section rested. They might well have continued their unawareness until it was too late had not fate and Communist stupidity and arrogance intervened. Normally Communist leaders and organizers in labor unions are the "sacred cows" of the party. They are kow-towed to, flattered, given special concessions, and often escape the customary levy upon their personal incomes. The Party leaders in Canada forgot these principles in the case of a man named Alex Welch. His superiors could not tolerate his exercise of the luxury of speaking his own mind on occasions despite the fact that he was a rather important figure. He had been a candidate for Parliament, International Representative of the United Electrical Workers, and member



BLACK SKIMMER (Wood Engraving)—SYLVIA HAHN
(From "Carolina Quest")

of the National Committee of the Communist Party of Canada.

Nevertheless he was chastised for his astonishing exercise of free speech and he broke his ties with the Party in 1947. He was followed from job to job and hounded as only the Party hounds its excommunicants. As chance would have it he finally located a job at the Imperial Varnish and Color Company in Toronto and found himself a member of the Chemical Workers Union under the leadership of an old friend, Edmiston.

Whereupon Welch began to talk. He prepared an affidavit in which he disclosed his party history. In it he included his knowledge of Edmiston's association with subversion.

Edmiston was frantic. He called upon Welch personally and offered him money, a job, and virtually anything his heart might desire. Welch refused to listen to him. Edmiston then sent one of his foremost henchmen, Reggie Wright, to Welch. Reggie was a big hulk of a man, always purposely untidy of dress, who not only was president of the local union at the Consumers' Gas Company plant in Toronto but also led a Communist cell sometimes called the Greenwood Club in which there were also employees from the Lever Brothers plant, the Dominion Tar & Rubber Company, the Eastman Kodak Company, and other industrial shops in the area. Wright and Welch had been friends. Yet friendship, cajolery, bribes, and threats all failed. Welch sent his affidavit to Bradley and to the United States and Canadian governments.

Bradley was shocked. On the one hand he found it difficult to credit fully a man who admitted that he had been a Communist for many years, and on the other hand there had been nothing in his association with Edmiston to indicate that Edmiston followed the "Party" line. Nevertheless, the matter was so serious that it required immediate action.

Bradley went to Canada and held hearings on Welch's charges with Edmiston and his subordinates. Without hesitation Edmiston signed an affidavit unequivocally denying that he had ever been a communist. In similar fashion the others swore that they had not been and were not now communists. Only the unsupported word of Welch remained, and each man stated that Welch was nothing more or less than an agent provocateur of reactionary employers.

In January, 1949, it was publicly announced by the Immigration Service that Edmiston and other members of his staff were to be barred from crossing the border in the future. Did this mean that they had information that was available to the Chemical Workers Union? Bradley attempted to find out. It was at this point that the writer of this article became involved in a two-year struggle to determine the facts. I was General Counsel of the union. Bradley explained to me that if Edmiston and the others were Communists, it was our duty to expel them from the Union. Yet expulsion alone would be meaningless unless his hold upon the members of the union in Canada was broken.

Bradley had already attempted to get some information from the RCMP but had been told that they could not help him in any way. I had gone to Washington and consulted with Department of Justice and Immigration Service personnel and received the same response. They could not divulge their information because they said it would jeopardize their sources. We were definitely on our own.

I began to spend a great deal of time in Canada. At no time did I notify anyone of my trips across the border, yet no matter how often I changed my hotel and no matter by what means of transportation I travelled I knew my activities were under constant watch.

I began by pursuing the prosaic task of just reading and I was soon surprised by the amount that could thus be learned. I looked through the back files of the *Canadian Tribune*, the official organ of the Communist Party in Canada. I followed the nominal transition that was made by the Party after it became outlawed in 1940 through an underground period until it emerged as the Labor Progressive Party in 1943. The transition was made without any change in mode of operation, in personnel, or in objective.

I read the back files of our newspaper in Canada, *The Canadian Chemical Worker*. A comparison of that paper and the *Tribune* disclosed surprising parallels. On every policy enunciated by the *Tribune* from 1944 to 1949 there was repetition by the *Chemical Worker*.

More enlightening still was the presence of advertisements in the *Tribune* which were inserted and paid for by our organization in Canada. This led to a check of the financial reports of each of our local unions in the Dominion. We found instance after instance in which funds had been siphoned from the local union treasury to support Communist causes.

It was enough proof to convince us. We knew the techniques of the Party—and here they all were: The use of labor unions to supply funds, the use of labor union papers to publish propaganda, the use of union treasuries to pay the salaries of Communist stalwarts. It was not a pretty picture.

Bradley said, "It must be true. Edmiston and each of them must go. The question is still when and how. And there remains a bigger question. If they have been able to get away with this—and they have—why didn't we know? I'm convinced the members in Canada are non-Communist to a man—yet why wouldn't they say something? The answer is clear and it makes the job tougher. Edmiston controls them body and soul. They're loyal to him or are afraid—or both. But we must get to them and give them hope and confidence in us and a realization of the truth."

My query followed, "Does that mean that we continue our search for further proof?"

"It means that and it also means that we come out in the open there, attend their meetings, and cut off their sources of revenue and propaganda. And I want the answer to one question—why did Edmiston pull his people out of the Commie-dominated Gas Workers and come with us?"

That was said in April. May, 1949, found Tomlinson and myself at the meeting of our Canadian Council in London, Ontario. There I stated that we opposed the Canadian Seamen's strike and considered it a Communist tactic. There was bitter opposition from the Edmiston forces. One month earlier at the TLC meeting that organization, still dominated by a Communist bloc, had suspended the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks which was attempting to combat the Canadian Seamen's Union.

Despite their opposition, the position I took seemed to electrify the delegates. We found support which we had not expected. For the first time those persons that were afraid of Edmiston and his clique began to take courage. Then Tomlinson sprang Bradley's bombshell. He announced that the publication of the *Chemical Worker* was suspended and its editorial board sacked.

Late that evening, at dinner, came another victory. Tomlinson and I were sitting at a table in the Hotel London dining-room when George Gare came in. It was obvious that he had been attempting to ease the pain of defeat at the nearest bar. We invited him to sit down and began a casual conversation. Soon we were talking on Gare's favorite subject—his aversion to the United States.

"How does it happen, George," I said, "that a fellow like you, coming from an old Canadian family, is in the labor movement?"

He then told about his experiences as an organizer with the U.E. and other left-wing unions, stating that he had been with them until 1945 when he joined Edmiston's staff.

"Didn't they make you join the LPP in those days?" I prodded.

"Sure they did," he said, "Why, I was a member of the Party until I came with this union."

At this point, Tomlinson commented, "Didn't you tell Bradley you had never been a member of the Party?"

Gare suddenly realized what he had said, stuttered some sort of statement that Bradley's inquiry had been a "kangaroo court" and rose and left.

Gare was through that night—through with the union and through as a functionary of the Party. Bradley immediately discharged him on the basis of his own admission that he had once been a Communist. The Party disciplined him for his indiscretion. He was ordered to leave Canada and soon did.

Edmiston did not dare defend him or elected not to do so. His position was becoming shaky. Our efforts at London had begun to develop a ground swell against him. Moreover he was undoubtedly under orders to dissemble, prevaricate, and use any means to hold on.

(To be continued)

Our National Capital

W. M. Wadley

► IT IS AS OUR national capital that most Canadians think of Ottawa, and it seems appropriate that, as they approached the city by car, their eyes would first be attracted by the Gothic spires of the main block of government buildings on Parliament Hill, and most especially by the solemn splendor of the Peace Tower.

The native beauty and the apparent appropriateness of the site, which first attracted our forebears and received the approval of Queen Victoria in pre-Confederation days, have challenged succeeding generations to plan and develop a capital worthy of our country. There are some who suggest that our capital's planners have been overly influenced by a desire to impress the eye with awesome grandeur of ornament and monument, and that not enough attention has been paid to usefulness and convenience, and to the limitations imposed by climate.

Be that as it may, one's first view of Ottawa is almost always a pleasant one, for the soft green lawns and the colorful flowerbeds which flank its scenic driveways, and the majesty of its official buildings, all serve to complement the natural attractiveness of its setting. The wintertime visitor, arriving by train, who has just climbed up out of the Union Station and stepped outside to receive a capital greeting from the wintry blasts that sweep across the triangular plaza known as Confederation Square, might disagree.

To the newcomer this square, on which is centred the national war memorial, seems to divide the downtown business section in two: to the east, Rideau Street, lined by stores and office buildings, leading to Sandy Hill and Lower Town, Rideau Hall and Rockcliffe; to the west, toward Parliament Hill, Wellington Street, and to the south, Elgin Street, flanking as they do Center Town with its offices and stores and residences. Should our visitor have arrived during the morning rush hour (which name seems deliberately to

believe the facts) he will see that most crosstown traffic funnels itself through this plaza. Most public transit vehicles find it a convenient terminus as well, and he will see hundreds of Ottawa civil servants and office workers arriving for the day's work, and alighting from the cherry red trams of the OTC, or the multicolored buses which have come from the outlying parts of the city and its suburbs.

For Ottawa is not Ottawa at all. The capital city is the central municipality in a federal district which now extends over an area of nine hundred square miles on both sides of the Ottawa River, the traditional boundary between Ontario and Quebec. The story of this river is a colorful part of the story of our nation. The Grand River was one of the names it bore, when it carried the canoes and boats of Indian and Frenchman, fur trader and priest, British soldier and colonist, lumberman and voyageur. Its valley, the Ottawa Valley, has yielded rich crops of fur and wood and food. From its farms and factories and homes have come much to enhance the wealth of our land. And today the Ottawa's deep and turbulent waters are being harnessed by hydro dam and atomic reactor to provide the new energy of tomorrow.

This federal district, these nine hundred square miles, are part of a long-range plan for the development of the capital area. But within this district the existing municipalities continue to exercise their respective authorities. There has been no sterilization of the powers of the local bodies politic such as might be observed by a visitor to the District of Columbia. This is not to suggest that the municipal governments in the federal district escape entirely from the shadow of Parliament Hill.

Ottawa's post-war civic problems have been largely the result of the rapid extension of its boundaries and concurrent annexation of parts of neighboring townships. During this process certain areas, such as Eastview and Rockcliffe Park, desirous of maintaining certain economic and political advantages, have retained their separate municipal identities. However, on the Ontario side of the river practically all urban development has been either incorporated into or surrounded by the City of Ottawa in an attempt to keep within central municipal control the actual urban area and to permit the retention of a buffer zone or green belt between the city and countryside. This is a problem, of course, which confronts many Canadian municipalities, and in a few years' time it will be interesting to examine Ottawa's success in this attempt to quarantine the blight of suburban ribbon development along the highway approaches to our cities.

A newcomer would be impressed by the easy and natural bilingualism of many of Ottawa's citizens. He might be surprised to learn that in this federal district of Ottawa and Hull and the surrounding areas and towns, he would find the relative proportion of French and English speaking people to be practically identical with that which applies for Canada as a whole.

He would find that Ottawa's climate was less moderate than that enjoyed by the Ontario cities along the Great Lakes. In winter he would find the weather colder but less damp, and in summer, hotter but less humid. These extremes of weather prompt Ottawa citizens to make good use of their nearby facilities for winter and summer outdoor sports, and many Ottawa citizens of all ages and occupations find satisfying recreational retreats up the Gatineau in the Gatineau hills just a few miles north of the city, at the ski lodges and cottages.

In Ottawa the usual spectator sports attract large followings, among them hockey and baseball, but our newcomer's attention would be drawn, I am sure, by bingo and bowling



and rugby. During the winter everyone downtown seems to bowl. I wouldn't be surprised if there were a higher percentage of bowlers among Ottawa's population than that of any other city in Canada. They seem to bowl at lunch time, just before supper, just after supper, and in the early evening hours. Many of the teams are mixed, and that accounts for much of its popularity. It's good fun and exercise for deskbound office workers, but it's a bit hard on the digestion.

As for the bingo parties, these are held in local indoor arenas during the winter months under the sponsorship of local service clubs, and seem to attract crowds which number in the thousands. These events are referred to as "monster nights," which appears to satisfy the legal niceties. The climax of one of these events comes when one of the large number of charitably minded citizens in attendance is rewarded for his efforts with a new car, a trip halfway around the world and presumably back again, or if more convenient, the equivalent in Canada Savings Bonds.

The height of Ottawa sporting activity is reached during the autumn months when king rugby reigns. Indeed, throughout the country this sport has attracted and sustained the greatest nationwide interest and rivalry, but for enthusiasm, and loyalty the Ottawa fans would be hard to match anywhere in the country. Although only a few of last year's national champion Rough Riders were hometown boys, that in no way detracted from the support they received from their fans in the bleachers on Saturday afternoons, and in offices, restaurants, and other meeting places during the week.

But just as the composition of the Rough Riders' roster varies from year to year, so does that of the population as a whole. The movers and storage warehousemen must be among the busiest in all Canada. The affairs of state here and abroad seem to require a considerable amount of coming and going on the part of senior civil servants, and junior civil servants, members of our armed forces, and members of the diplomatic corps of countries represented in Canada.

Like our newcomer, Ottawa has attracted many Canadians from all parts of the land. Their motives might be said to include the twin desires of public service and personal fulfilment. As a typist in one of the government offices expressed it to me, after twenty-five years here: "I suppose I'd have been happy, too, if I'd never left Fort William when I finished school. But I didn't. I came down to Ottawa, and got a job with the government and I've been here ever since, except for holidays. I've made lots of friends here, and now I wouldn't want to leave. I like to be here when Parliament is in session, and when important visitors come to Ottawa I feel important too."

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← OCTOBER MORNING, LAKE KAMINISKEG—CLARE BICE
(Collection Public Library, Peterborough, Ont.)



London, Ont., Sept. 7.—The small numbers in attendance at synod Saturday was mainly the result of social activities prepared for visiting delegates from across Canada. In the morning, many journeyed to Detroit to attend a doubleheader major league baseball game between Chicago and Detroit. (Globe and Mail)

London, Ont., Sept. 10.—"We've got to give up this idea that schools are a neutral place," said Canon Naylor. "We've got to get in with our Christian teaching, with our idea of God." Committee studies of provincial education systems had shown serious lacks ranging from "qualified Hedonism in Alberta, where the aim of education is the happiness of the individual, to the exclusion of the Bible from the schools of Prince Edward Island." (Vancouver Sun)

Riverside, Sept. 3.—(CP)—Town council passed a motion last night setting up a committee of four—to be appointed by the town's churches—to designate "unfit" comic books. Those designated will be banned by police. Mayor Robert J. Bondy of this Windsor suburb, said one of his children brought home "a doozy." One of the episodes had shown a man eating his wife. (Toronto Star)

In the cells, built originally to hold 50, were 160 men and women, facing charges ranging from common drunkenness to murder. The courtrooms were filled with friends, relatives and the curious. A plan for doubling the size of the cell block was passed by Board of Control last week. Mayor Lamport, who proposed it, took a look at yesterday's line-up and commented: "These are human beings, not cattle, and they should be treated as human beings. They haven't been convicted yet." (Globe and Mail)

Treasurer [Toronto District Labor Council] William Scott, who raised the point of the worker's getting into his own pay envelope before depositing it at home, said payment by cheque would be an unpopular move with the workers.

"How many here have taken their envelopes home intact?"

"I bet 99 out of 100 would feel cheated if they couldn't extract a little from the envelope," Mr. Scott stated. (Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six month's subscription goes to Edwin C. Guillet, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

A Gathering of Glass

Kenneth MacLean

► SHE HAD HAD FIVE children, and all were still-born. If these experiences were at the basis of her mental difficulty, I cannot say. In any case, as I look at her from this distance, the psychological damage in her life appears to have been almost complete. Her body had lost all feminine engagement to become at once chunky and flat; her eyes had dimmed, and they looked drowned and swollen behind her heavy helpless glasses. Most noticeably, she had grown silent. She continued throughout her life to appear in the church choir, but not even the lowest alto sound issued from those straight lips. If she was then experiencing the terrors which usually ride along with psychosis, I often wonder. There was no way of knowing, for if she was a terror to herself she was such to no one else. Indeed, she was a comforting companion in a village which, small as it was, offered many little images of terror to fester in a green memory. I do though remember that when she lay dying in a nursing home she was terrifying enough. She had lost all names of things, and was clearly experiencing that final animal terror of a wilderness that has no signposts.

That I as a child should have known her so well was owing to her helplessness. She was incapable of dealing with the problem of running her house, and this problem was a growing one, for undeniably her husband was becoming

ing rich from his investment of her small inheritance. The house was beginning to bulge with stuff, and there was no efficiency to meet the parcels at the door. Her household, I may say, presented the reverse situation of our own pastoral home where unbounded efficiency was combined with a certain shortage of materials. To a young alumnus of my mother's home, a house so swollen with plenitude presented both a challenge and an opportunity.

I remember the rooms well, all of them. Trips to the Deep South and Florida had filled one corner of the living room with sharkfish saws, dried coconuts, shells, and countless photographs of the white man beside an automobile handing out silver dollars to little barefooted pickaninnies. There was enough in this corner to suggest that vulgarity which the South has always been able to elicit from the North. Three radio sets with dangling earphones and batteries, a tall purplish-mahogany Victor phonograph, and an upright player piano covered walls and windows of half this room. The rolled music for the player-piano reached to the ceiling. The pile was the only category of order known in these chambers. The mantle of the electric fireplace held case after case of violet ray machines which could be, and indeed were, attached to adjacent fixtures, allowing one to be revitalized while reclining on the heavy black leather furniture. A desk stood in one corner of the room, its pigeon-holes stuffed with the correspondence of a lifetime. She herself managed to avoid the pitfalls of her own drawing-room. At the very edge of this forest she had her own straight-back chair, standing beneath a little cluster of glass of Chinese design which sounded softly as a breeze came through the hall. Its note contrasted with the many harsh modern noises that could issue from the body of the room. The dining room escaped the confusion of the rest of the house, as did the guest rooms upstairs, by being completely bare. No silver, no piece of china interrupted an immediate relationship with hard varnished surfaces. The adjacent pantry was something different. Here high pilings of wrapping paper and quarts and quarts of string shut out the light needed to handle one's way through the brown bags of nabiscos and junkets. In the stacking of dishes in this pantry the principle of size had not been observed, saucers alternating with soups and salads. To meet the problem of cooking in this home one type of stove had been added to another until the kitchen looked like a little Ruhr Valley. The well-developed kerosene stove, the electric range then in its infancy, the fireless cooker, the steamer, the charcoal burner, gas, wood and coal stove—specimens of these crowded a kitchen which also seemed to be a scene for experiment in refrigeration. Again the poor woman had her retreat—by a table near the door where she would stand all morning, folding brown paper, winding string, shelling a few peas. Occasionally she would walk over to shut one of the doors of an elaborate kitchen-cabinet.

Since she was unable to cope with the problems of an upstairs, they slept in a bedroom off the kitchen, entered by way of a bathroom which, one could quickly see, was a jungle of rubber utensils. Here too were the same signs of those experimentations which made laboratories out of many American homes in the first decades of this century. Confusion reached its climax in the bedroom, darkly draped with heavy silken neckwear pendent from coat-hangers. Heavy powders, soggy perfumes covered a spreading what-not, while pearl and diamond stickpins gleamed in the sad darkness. The bedroom seemed oriental, in the wrong way. Outside its window, reaching with soft fingers against the glass, stood an apricot tree, in summer rich and golden, its fruit round and seemed like a child.

It was a Saturday noon in this first cloudy day of

November. For luncheon the kitchen had produced: for him, the usual crackers and milk; for her, a poached egg; for myself a fruit salad assembled from a special storeroom which held in an inviting coldness red bananas, melon, and fragrant apples. We ate in silence, and he ate quickly. He pushed his chair from the table. As he was getting up to leave, he said, "Well, going to do it. Spoke to Brooks today. Says he's not scared to do it. Told him I'd spend a hundred and fifty thousand on it; not a cent more, and not a cent less. I've seen the house I want and I'm going to get it. They tell me it's Spanish. Anyway it looks like Florida, and it looks mighty cheerful to me—those green tiles. Got leaded windows. We'll put it right where I said I would—on the Main Street—right where the manse is. I own two of those lots and I'll build 'em a new manse. They certainly need it. They need a church too, but I'm not going to build that till I finish that library for my college." The manse referred to was my own home. He took a large quill toothpick from his vest pocket, and started out of the dining room. Without looking back he said as he left us, "Going to see my factories this afternoon. Want to take the kid along." After he left, she was in tears, but she spoke quickly, "Now, Salisbury, you stay with me this afternoon." Rewards were always so implicit in all her suggestions that I felt there was little choice in the matter. The tears stopped, and she proceeded with her eating which she always found difficult until he had left the table.

A half hour later, while we were in the kitchen, he came walking through, his hat on, saying, "Come, boy, let's shoot some sparrows first." I told him I wouldn't be driving with him. "Well, get out the gun anyway." We went out to the yard where the husky capons had been feeding, and drove them into their shed. We then went into the garage, and from an open window shot sparrows which came in for the grain in the capon yard. Some time later his wife came out the kitchen door, wearing an old coat and hat of her husband's. She was going to feed her own chickens over in the further yard, where the old sweetcherry trees stood. There were no more sparrows. He opened the garage door, filled one of the cars from a gasoline pump, backed out to the street and was off on a Saturday afternoon tour of factories.

But this would not be a tour of factories. It would be a tour of his numberless farms in which he took a perverted pleasure. In the same breath in which he boasted how much the factories made he would tell you with equal satisfaction how much he had lost on his farms. He poured money into them just so they could lose it. He liked to see them fail. He liked to rent a farm to a young man, especially one with a degree in agriculture, then have him break his back on it and come whining for a job in one of the factories. He liked to see his own expensive agricultural experiments go wrong. More simply, he liked to see the bull skid as it tried to mount the cow. He liked to think of the discomforts of country plumbing. Nothing natural could be comfortable, nothing natural could succeed. He liked to drive all over a field of alfalfa to find a single woodchuck's hole to smoke up with monoxide from the exhaust of the car. In farms he liked ruin, destruction, discomfort, failure, hardship. These country tours were not exactly business trips.

Shortly after he departed on his afternoon tour, his wife and I left the house. She had wanted to call on Miss Wilder, one of the several little old ladies of the church who were her friends—all of them living in primitive poverty in little white frame houses on the edges of the village. We walked very slowly up the Main Street under the grey elms. We passed the old yellow manse, the red brick church, the town hall of grey stone trimmed with white. We passed the village park, shortly to become a little iron wood in mem-

ory of the dead of the War. We passed the stone mill down in the ravine where the skating could be so good. Next came the cider sheds where they would weigh a boy's two bushel of windfalls and press them for him. Then over the railroad track—and finally we came to Miss Wilder's. We tapped on the thin glass doors, and she came to let us in. She was wearing a shawl, and we did not remove our coats. The visit followed the usual pattern. The spare little old lady hurried about the room collecting missionary pamphlets; then, perched on the edge of a rocker with legs crossed at the knee, she proceeded to read passionately to my companion who, after sitting silent and motionless for a half hour of exhortation, would rise heavily and take from a large black purse two cheques, both completely illegible, one for Miss Wilder and one for her missions. Such assistance in improving others' standards of living seemed slightly ironical.

This visit had obviously refreshed her. This was evident from the amount she talked as we walked the long slow way back to her home. "It's beginning to snow," she said. Comments were flowing almost freely as we passed the sheds, the mill, the park, the hall, the church. And when we came to the yellow manse she remarked, with a perspective which seemed rather restricted in view of the fact that this place was my home, "Now that is where he will build his house."

A plain brick house without porch or overhang, the manse stood close to the ground. The yellow paint was now almost white. A smoke tree stood before it. Wings at the rear formed an enclosure into which pheasants would sometimes venture. In the backyard there was an old quince tree, yellow and black in August. Beds of narcissus and hyacinth separated the grass from the vegetable garden, itself divided by rows of red currant. Here was a root cellar where apples and cabbage, turnip and parsnip were kept through the winter. Where the garden met the fields there were pear trees where wrens lived. The fields fell away into pastures, creased by brooks and sheltered by great hickories. Further beyond lay the flats heavily edged by willows which hid a wide slow stream where soon there would be skating on ice that was blue and hard and springy.

On the Air

Penelope Wise

▶ CANADIAN TELEVISION has only been in operation since early September, and only in Toronto and Montreal, so that no one yet has had much of a chance to appraise it. I myself have done no more than three or four hours viewing of Canadian shows and any conclusions I have come to must be less than tentative. I offer one conclusion, however, that seems sufficiently irregular to be worth examining and is based on American as well as Canadian TV: the professionalism of the entertainers has little to do with the effectiveness of the show. The least effective performers I saw in Canadian TV were people whose main job is acting or announcing or discussing in public. The best were those for whom TV is a sideline and who are really reporters, sports columnists, politicians or business men. You can have Jane Mallett or Lister Sinclair; give me Ted Reeve or Mayor Lampert any day.

Other illustrations might be drawn from American TV. The greatest show on earth for American viewers was not Milton Berle but a political convention or a crime investigation. Perhaps the best TV entertainment is not merely non-professional (in the usual sense of the word) but has something other than TV for its ostensible object. A football game or a fire in a newscast or a coronation exists independently

and is not arranged merely for the sake of TV. Its TV value is a by-product of something else. A good slogan for a producer would be, "don't make a show; find one."

Perhaps the obvious artificiality of TV as a medium explains the success of the non-professional. TV may be bearable only when the material is naturalistic. Whatever the reason, it doesn't take too kindly to art and prefers the slice of life technique. At its most effective it is a channel through which something which is not TV comes to the audience. TV brings it to you but is not responsible for it. This, by the way, is a good argument for the rapid and successful development of private TV in Canada. After all, our private radio is not noted for creating its own individual shows. Private television needn't try; it can find its meat elsewhere. Sports, political rallies or conventions, newscasts, sightseeing tours, candid camera shots, panel discussions by people from the outside world—here TV is in its element. In the meantime the CBC will no doubt continue its quixotic efforts to discipline an intractable medium.

Film Review

Gerald Pratley

▶ WITH THE RELEASE of William Wyler's *Carrie* (Paramount) the cinema provides a rare opportunity for a study in style, technique and adaptation. For *Carrie*, like George Stevens' *A Place in the Sun* (released earlier this year) is also taken from a work by Theodore Dreiser, and a comparison between the styles of the two such perceptive directors as Stevens and Wyler, when dealing with the work of the same author, is both revealing and deeply interesting. *Carrie* seems more compact than *A Place in the Sun* particularly in its later development but this is mainly due to the lesser number of characters involved.

In *A Place in the Sun* George Eastman wanted desperately to climb above his working class status and become accepted in the dazzling, carefree and luxurious world of the upper classes. In *Carrie* the process is reversed. George Hurstwood, a prosperous manager of a high-class restaurant and a family man, falls in love with a simple farm girl and drops from middle class respectability into the unbearable poverty of the working class. While Eastman's tragedy is due more to having loved the wrong girl rather than to the rigid social barrier of class distinction, and Hurstwood's tragedy is brought about by having stolen money rather than of loving a girl beneath his standing, there is enough acidity and shrewd observation in these portrayals of social conditions and the upper class to convey the essence if not the full intent of Dreiser. In this respect *Carrie* is more authentic than *A Place in the Sun* for it has not been brought up-to-date but set in its original period which has been most convincingly re-created. It is bound to be criticised however, as was *A Place in the Sun*, for not containing the author's outright criticisms of social conditions of his period, but is there any point in expressing indignation over conditions which have been greatly improved since his time? Even so, in both films there are several interesting parallels dealing with social problems. The factory sequence in *Carrie* showing the dreadful hardships under which the girls worked has its present-day counterpart in the Eastman factory in *A Place in the Sun*. Although conditions are better there is no mistaking the monotony of factory life and the distinction between owners and workers. Illegitimacy is a leading factor in both films as Alice Tripp and Carrie are forced to demand marriages, and both Eastman and Hurstwood bring about their tragedy through their love for a woman—one in a class above him, the other in a class below.

In adapting *Carrie* to the screen Ruth and Augustus Goetz (who also adapted *The Heiress* for Wyler) have been both scholarly and profound, and Dreiser's insight into human nature has not been overlooked. It is an intelligent screenplay, cleverly written, well motivated, full of delicate subtlety, and is an even, flowing transformation of a long, rambling literary work into an affecting and beautifully cinematic film.

Carrie (Jennifer Jones) leaves her father's farm to live with her married sister in Chicago. On the train she meets Charlie Drouet (Eddie Albert), a travelling salesman determined to be everybody's friend and exasperating with his constant cheerfulness and breezy remarks. Carrie is quickly disillusioned with her sister's home in the slums and after an accident in the factory where she works she loses her job. Unable to find another she seeks advice from Drouet. He inveigles her into becoming his mistress but successfully resists her demands for marriage. A chance meeting with George Hurstwood (Laurence Olivier) brings about an overriding love between them, but he is afraid to tell her he is married and unable to obtain a divorce. When Carrie discovers this she feels he has loved her only because of her association with Drouet. Hurstwood accidentally steals a large sum of money from his employer and by lying to Carrie induces her to leave with him for New York. His theft is discovered and he is unable to find work again. They are soon penniless, Carrie loses her first child, and they fall into poverty which Hurstwood finds unbearable. He decides to try and effect a reconciliation with his son, and Carrie, thinking that he will be accepted back into the family, leaves him for a successful career on the stage. Hurstwood, knowing that he will never be part of his family again, returns and finds her gone. Realizing that the difference between their ages has now become a barrier between them and ashamed of the poverty from which he cannot extricate himself he makes no attempt to make his whereabouts known to her. Finally, he pays her a last visit to borrow money. As he leaves the implications are that he will commit suicide. (The compression of time between Carrie leaving Hurstwood and his final visit to her is caused, it seems, by the elimination here, either by the censor or the studio, of a scene showing Hurstwood living in a flophouse.)

Laurence Olivier made this film while Vivien Leigh worked at Warners in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Unfortunately, *Carrie* is unlikely to attract as much attention as *Streetcar* which is a pity as Olivier's performance is undoubtedly one of his finest achievements. Under the brilliant and sympathetic direction of William Wyler, Laurence Olivier acts with a quiet and unerring skill. Few emotions are harder to portray without recourse to excessive sentimentality than that of inner torment. From his initial appearance as a gracious and dignified restaurateur in the charming scene where he directs Carrie from the bar and through the dining hall, to his awakening passion for her, his abandonment of all principles and his loss of self-respect, and the revulsion he feels for the drab life he finds himself in, are all conveyed in a penetrating and deeply affecting manner. There are not many films which give an actor a chance like this and even fewer actors who are capable of playing the part. Olivier is probably the only actor who could make George Hurstwood such a sensitive and tragic figure, and particularly is this so in the remarkable scene where he returns to find Carrie has left him. This is a very moving scene played without a note of music from David Rakks, whose excellent score is in keeping with the high standards of writing, directing and photography set by this picture.

Beside such a mature and sustained performance as Olivier's, Jennifer Jones is no less eloquent as Carrie; not very bright and often bewildered, and caught up in a passion

too deep for her to comprehend. She plays with sympathy and conviction although her Carrie is a far nicer figure than the author's original conception. Her best scene with Olivier is probably the one on the train where he pleads with her to come to New York. This complete sequence leading up to her submission is beautifully filmed. Miriam Hopkins makes a brief and effective appearance as Hurstwood's socially conscious and dominating wife, and Eddie Albert makes Drouet a properly cheap and insignificant creature. They are not, like most characters we see in films, either colorless, insipid or inarticulate. In the last analysis it is William Wyler who deserves praise, for his work is that of an artist and craftsman and the more one considers *Carrie* and its many significant details the more one is conscious of the skill and intelligence with which it is made. As George Stevens did with *A Place in the Sun* Wyler has created a film of distinction in which humanity is depicted with truth and sincerity in the light of personal catastrophe.

Music Review

Milton Wilson

► IT WOULD SEEM OBVIOUS that *The Magic Flute* gains from being seen as well as heard. Pamina's *Ach, ich fühl's*, one of the most deeply expressive arias that Mozart ever wrote, although its beauty is apparent enough in recital or on the radio, gains a good deal from the presence of Tamino on the stage, whose silent unresponsiveness is the occasion for Pamina's anguish. Her movements toward him and increasing awareness that they are not to be returned (as acted by a fine performer like Mary Morrison) can be a vital part of this aria's power. The consoling response of the unseen chorus when Tamino stands before Sarastro's gates needs the stage for its full effectiveness. On radio and records there are no degrees of invisibility. And in a spectacular scene like the ordeal by fire and water, where the music is sometimes very restricted in scope, the absence of the spectacle cuts the roots of the scene.

But after listening to Victor's re-pressing on 3 LP's of the old (1937, I think) Beecham-Berlin Philharmonic recording of the opera, I considered the other side of the coin. For one thing the spoken dialogue (omitted in the recording) has aged more than anything else in the opera, and if you can supply the missing links in your mind, you don't miss their performance. For another, the spectacular scenes, constantly shifting from place to place, are provided at the expense of continuity, as in a nineteenth century Shakespeare production. The effect is liable to be jerky and the musical context of some numbers is lost. This is observable not merely in a local production like the Royal Conservatory's but also at the Metropolitan, judging from the series of atmospheric silences that we get over the radio. Another advantage of sandwiching the numbers against one another comes from the character of Mozart's music in this opera, which often consists of universal commonplaces and archetypal tunes (formulas, Tovey calls them), which are liable to sound either very very basic or very very dull. If musical context is lost and the performance drags, the result can be pretty dismal.

As for the Beecham set itself, Husch as Papageno and Lemnitz as Pamina are first-rate, and the two female trios sing some of the opera's best music very beautifully. But the texture of Berger's voice is unsuited to the Queen of the Night. Roswaenge shows signs of strain as Tamino and Strienz makes an unimpressive Sarastro. The orchestra plays well but the recording shows its age a bit.

Victor has released on LP the Toscanini-NBC Symphony

recording of Mozart's *Symphony No. 41 (Jupiter)*, which I originally reviewed about five years ago from the 78 pressing. It remains a fine performance and recording, which does full justice to the overwhelming vitality of the final movement. On the other side is the *Concerto for Bassoon and Orchestra K. 191*, charming early Mozart effectively played by bassoonist Leonard Sharron.

Correspondence

The Editor: Mr. Miller Stewart's article, "Do Canadians Hold Opposition Cheap?" is both timely and entertaining. But he's gone astray on some matters of fact. For example, "Nova Scotia has had one non-Liberal government since Confederation." It's not quite as bad as that. The Conservatives were in power from 1878 to 1882, and again from 1925 to 1933. Presumably Mr. Stewart wasn't aware of the existence of the 1878-1882 governments; but neither Mr. Holmes nor Sir John Thompson would have thanked him for being called a Liberal!

Again, Mr. Stewart says that in the New Brunswick Legislature "St. John elects one member." *The Parliamentary Guide* gives the names of four. Is it still true that "a clergyman can't sit in the New Brunswick Legislature"? I was under the impression that this had been changed a few years ago. With the Parliamentary Library out of action I can't check, but Mr. Stewart might try.

As a Maritimer in *partibus infidelium*, however, I must thank Mr. Stewart for the amount of space he has devoted to us. He may make us look a little more benighted than we are, but at least he doesn't write (as some central Canadians do) as if Ontario and Quebec were the whole country. Mr. Bruce Hutchison, for example, says "the Canadian people rebelled in 1837," sublimely indifferent to the fact

that in the Atlantic provinces no one rebelled (and even in Upper and Lower Canada only a small minority, incidentally). One of the narrators in the National Film Board's film of the royal tour blandly announces that the Legislature of Quebec is "the oldest in Canada," when in fact the Legislature of Nova Scotia is 109 years older, the Legislature of Prince Edward Island 93 years older, and the Legislature of New Brunswick 83 years older. Mr. Stewart has done a lot better than that!

Eugene Forsey, Ottawa, Ont.

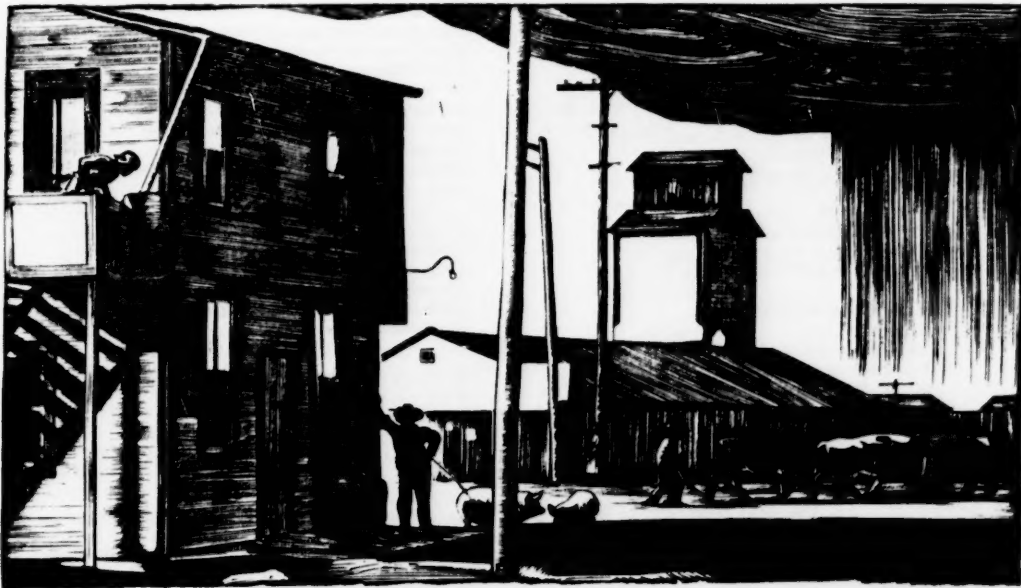
Sunday Afternoon at the Art Gallery

A cold blue sky and biting wind
hustle one into the precincts of the Gallery.
Icy marble greets one in
kneeling madonnas and flat snow-spectacles,
blue water and blue snow.

In the vestibule our warted bourgeois
unmuffle and rub their red rosy cheeks.
A violinist is playing arias of Schuman
and dumb crowds look up, respectfully;
respectfully, as behooves a city
steeped in the tradition of elocution
and singing lessons in a conservatory.

Have you never beheld the rambling brick
mansion, meant to eternalize aspidistra
and creeping things, croquet and garden parties
things that elsewhere crumble into decadence?
Here the rigor of cold has frozen us
house and family, and we remain, correct.

John Grube.



HEADINGLY (Wood Engraving)—W. J. PHILLIPS, B.C.A.

Local Boy

His father having uttered the proper words in the proper places;
 The post-Varsity period of yellow roadsters, champagne and chorus girls
 Having ended in one monster hangover too many;
 The abortionist having been paid off by the family lawyer,
 And the broken mis-engagement settled by proxy,
 He could now take his place, aged twenty-nine,
 As private secretary to the managing director,
 With a suitable desk of his own, as his father's heir.
 Green light all the way; the pre-ordained marriage assured
 To the daughter of father's old friend,
 (When the merger went through, of course—no point in a public offering of shares).
 A year abroad, with the crest of the honeymoon in Italy,
 Unmarried by stray and ugly sprouts of neglected wild oats.
 Visits to the foreign branches, as a matter of routine,
 ("Good to get to know the people I'll have to rely on.")
 Three children, a place in the country, voting stock on the board,
 With the chairmanship inevitable.
 No one could doubt that a seat in the Senate awaited him
 When the distinguishing touch of the grey appeared at the temples.

Vernal House.

Metamorphosis

Daffodils sprang up and trumpeted —
 Were heralds at my ear
 Turned telephone and took
 The resurrection message underground
 (How they had broken the burying mould
 The leaf rot, the sodden crust of winter.)

Cups became
 To catch the essence of the sun, of rain,
 Drained to earth
 Were paper skeletons
 Brittle, orange-ribbed
 With shrunken heads
 That summer breathed its shrivelling breath upon.

Hilda Kirkwood.

Evening

I have loved in melancholy
 of innocent desire
 with intention of poetry
 and delight in colors and feeling;

The deepening of twilight
 has surprised me,
 gazing into a troubled eye
 clouded by elusive fears
 and the unspeakable deepening of passion.

John Grube.

WANTED

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THE CANADIAN FORUM, 16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

A Ballad for Susan

Dorothy Livesay

A name beats in my blood*
 Similkameen!
 River of cool caress
 Over whose veins we rode
 And sudden flood
 Gay and rough-shod.
 I wore the sky as hat,
 My plume, a cloud.

That was a bridal ride
 Into Similkameen,
 With Indian as guide
 And lover by my side:
 Over the Skagit Bluff
 September scorched—
 A cedar fringe for cuff.

The mountains opened up
 Mirror on mirror,
 Each a reflection of
 The other's face,
 Message of love
 From a further place:
 We moved from frame to frame
 Into a land unmapped
 And crying for a name:
 Our horses' hooves
 Beat a new language
 On the mountainside—
 The Cedars, Cayuse Creek, Similkameen:
 The trail was tried!

II

Over what campfires now
 Do others sit and listen
 Through haze of autumn where the sumacs glisten—
 Their blood-red candelabra held above
 A fire of leaves?

The tales I heard
 From Yacum-Tecum and I-cow-mas-ket
 Around our campfire, stirred
 From centuries lit,
 From caves of silence drawn—

Of satyr, souyâpé and giants born
 Invisible, save to an Indian eye.
 Those fiery myths breathed life into the stones
 And made the boulders move;
 I laid my hand on one, and gave a cry—
 I was burned through.

III

So it was true, what afterwards you said:
 I did not give myself to you.
 For on that wedding-night
 I was a girl bound over to the hills,
 My essence pierced with arrows of night air—
 Tang of sagebush and the clear

*Susan Allison, "the first white woman of the Similkameen" rode through what is now the Allison Pass, between Hope and Princeton, on her honeymoon. Mother of fourteen children, poet, amateur anthropologist and collector of Indian legends, she was British Columbia's most colorful woman pioneer. She was particularly fascinated by Lake Okanagan, where she pioneered in the seventies. Her writings are being collected by Georgina Maisonneville.

Perfume of pine:

My marriage-bed proclaimed no sheets,
Was made of "mountain-feathers"—spruce,
And stained with huckleberry juice;
A epithalamium I heard
The beat of tom-tom and the guttural song
Of rhythms new, yet ever known
Secret in my blood and bone—
The river pounding loud and long
Calling me home—Similkameen.

Books Reviewed

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN POLITICS: by Samuel Lubell; Mussion (Harper); 270 pp.; \$4.50.

Mr. Lubell's book is a lively, informative and highly original investigation of contemporary politics. Its originality lies in its dependence on careful analysis rather than easy rhetoric. Disregarding stock generalizations about American politics, Mr. Lubell has made an exhaustive study of population and voting trends, supplemented by direct questioning of voters in significant areas. The result is a series of brisk chapters dealing with almost every conceivable aspect of contemporary American politics: the Negro vote, the failure of isolationism, Labor in politics, the effects of industrialism on voting patterns in the South, the collapse of the Wallace campaign, and so forth. In a book of only 270 pages, Mr. Lubell sometimes has to compress too much, and he makes only scattered attempts to assess the influence of ideology on politics. But otherwise it is difficult to criticize the job he has done.

The central theme of *The Future of American Politics* is the growth of the Democratic Party during the past twenty years into an organization supported by the most disparate elements in American society: the city bosses and the leaders of organized labor, the Solid South and the immigrant and Negro masses of the industrial areas in the North. Mr. Lubell stresses the role of ethnic groups in American politics, and he believes that Roosevelt owed much of his success to the "children of the 13,000,000 immigrants who poured into the country between 1900 and 1914 . . . They became the chief carriers of the Roosevelt Revolution." With other millions who came to the Northern cities from rural areas and the South, the immigrants formed a new, "urban frontier," and it was the Democratic Party which proved flexible enough to win large majorities in these areas.

One reason the Democrats captured the urban frontier was that they had already developed methods of winning the support of an earlier immigrant group—the Irish. In a fascinating sidelight Mr. Lubell pictures the Irish in New England heavy with honors bestowed by Democratic regimes; then the first Italian judges are sworn in; and before too long there is a Polish member of the bench. In this fashion the Democratic Party claimed a succession of ethnic groups in the cities, though inevitably at the expense of some of its former supporters. As the Negroes continue to improve their status, Mr. Lubell suggests, the Democratic Party is likely to face a major crisis. For with the possible exception of the Jews, the middle-class children of immigrants are as alarmed by the upsurge of the Negroes as any other group in the United States.

Since the long Democratic coalition was beginning to show signs of strain, Mr. Lubell believes that President Truman's chief function has been to act as a caretaker leader of the party. For American politics seem to be heading for a period of re-alignments, and there is little evidence that the Democrats have yet discovered a policy which they feel sure

will keep the coalition intact. The future of Canadian politics may be equally uncertain, and it's a pity that there are few journalists in this country who appear capable of writing anything comparable to Mr. Lubell's important and exciting study.

Robert L. Weaver

AFTER ALL: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR NORMAN ANGELL: British Book Service; pp. 370; \$3.75.

Most readers of *The Canadian Forum* probably know as much about *The Great Illusion* as I do. Nevertheless it will be convenient if not necessary to say a few words about it as an introduction to a review of the life of the author.

The Great Illusion was written in 1908 when Ralph Norman Angell Lane was editing the *Paris Daily Mail* for Northcliffe. Because the arguments of the writer were wholly opposed to all Northcliffe's principles, he chose part of his family name as a pseudonym. In fact, this precaution was unnecessary for in all probability Northcliffe would not have objected. The argument contained in the book was that modern war could not pay. There was a time when war did pay, when the victors took away the comely women of the conquered as concubines and the able-bodied males as slaves. Indeed, we think that if Hitler had been successful he might have contrived to make war pay on some such basis. Stalin, barring the concubines, has also tried not without success to make it pay. But Angell contended that the nations were so interlocked, their basic interests so interwoven, and in many cases identical, that war would be a kind of suicide. He offered the book to several publishers who rejected it. Then at his own expense he published an abbreviated version entitled *Europe's Optical Illusion*. He distributed it among newspapers and magazines. It was hardly noticed. Then, in desperation, he mailed copies to two or three hundred selected public men in England, France and Germany. Here it did attract attention, with the result that since then *The Great Illusion* has sold into the millions.

Sir Norman has written thirty or forty other books, and if one considers also his innumerable magazine and newspaper articles and lectures in England and the United States it may be said—and hoped—that he has reached a wider audience than any other author, not a novelist, of his time. But *The Great Illusion* was followed quickly by *The Great Misconception*. Ninety-five out of every hundred people who had read or heard of it drew the false assumption that because Angell had argued that war was a sort of suicide,

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there would be no war. So, when August, 1914, rolled around he was denounced as an imposter and rejected as a false prophet. He has had to waste a great deal of time since then in explaining that he had never said war was impossible; in fact, he had written *The Great Illusion* because he was frightened by the drift to war. He has had a tremendous impact upon his time, and if *The Great Illusion* is not read a hundred years hence it will be because its principles and speculations have become commonplace. His whole life has been devoted to furthering the principles contained in his first important book, and attacking popular fallacies which still remain unconquered. *After All*, a fascinating book, and a storehouse of information on politics, tells the story of his fight, carried on sometimes in ill health. He has had his appropriate honors, for instance, the Nobel Prize. He rejected a peerage, and accepted a knighthood only because he was persuaded that it would help him in his propaganda. He is now accepted by the intellectual elite of the world as one of the great men of the age. He is not a believer in political systems and formulae. At bottom the only hope he holds out for humanity is a greater mass intelligence. We must be better educated or perish, and Sir Norman thinks that a great many things that are taught in our schools and universities are of little help in developing the kind of education which alone will save us.

J. V. McAree.

TOWARDS THE LAST SPIKE: E. J. Pratt; Macmillan; pp. 53; \$2.00.

I must confess that I opened this book with mixed feelings. On the one hand, there was pleasure at the prospect of reading another vigorous narrative by the greatest Canadian poet of his generation; on the other, there was a certain embarrassment occasioned by the fear that here, perhaps, was still another effort to "paint the native maple," a self-conscious Canadian attempt to celebrate a rather obvious Canadian occasion.

The proof, of course, was in the reading; and on the whole it was pleasure which predominated. For here is none of the tub-thumping rhetoric which one associates with patriotic poetry, no grandiloquence, no false heroics. Pratt tells the story of the building of the C.P.R. vigorously but not pompously. He does not take the project too seriously, and the humor of the poem varies all the way from the wry to the boisterous. There is, as a refreshing novelty in "national" poetry, a comic opera effect in many of the scenes. Sir John A. Macdonald, the hero of the narrative, is not treated as a demi-god, but as a human being beset with weaknesses, hesitations, doubts, and temptations—and he becomes, indeed, the most convincing character whom Pratt has ever created. The role of the larger-than-life figure whom one expects in a Pratt narrative is here filled by William Van Horne, but even he remains a credible personage. Edward Blake is more stylized—Pratt makes him, with dubious fairness, a mere thinking machine, a visionless man of logic—but at least he engages our interest and is no mere name from the past.

In making the central theme of the poem the conflict between (to simplify drastically) logic and passion, Pratt has demonstrated again his fundamental romanticism. The basic issue for him, always, is that between the passionate, the instinctive, and the primitive on the one hand, and the logical, the intellectual, and the sophisticated on the other; and his preference for the former group of qualities is always quite clear. Often Pratt has exhibited this conflict as a straightforward one between an over-sophisticated humanity and primitively powerful Nature; but in this poem the conflict is more subtle. There *is* the conflict between Man

and Nature, but the more important conflict is between the simple, passionate men of Macdonald's party and the sophisticated, logical, calculating Blake. Once Blake has been defeated, the triumph over Nature is merely a matter of time. "The breed had triumphed after all"—presumably because humanity in this situation, unlike the sophisticates of the *Titanic*, is on the side of the eternal, is really fulfilling Nature's own purposes.

This hasty summary of the poem's theme may at least serve to indicate another reason for its success. Pratt has not made a merely formal bow toward a national occasion, but has re-created an era of history in terms of his own artistic vision.

But perhaps the chief pleasure to be derived from *Towards the Last Spike* is in witnessing the mastery which the mature Pratt has achieved over his own medium of expression. He has developed his own peculiar manner, and it has become assured and easy. The texture of his verse here is closer and firmer than it has ever continuously been before. Much of the old verbosity has gone, and he writes compactly, antithetically, in clear hard phrases which cut their way forward like sharp scissors. There is something of the disciplined economy of statement of Dryden here, and, rather surprisingly, something of Dryden's gift for penetrating character analysis.

This is not to say that the poem is perfect. Some of the passages of attempted humor, especially those which personify British Columbia as a reluctant maiden being wooed by Ottawa, seem to be embarrassingly coy. And Pratt has found some interludes in the railway story unsuitable for poetic treatment, and has inserted transitional fragments in prose, the effect of which is a certain scrappiness. These, however, are minor flaws in a poem which as a whole is an undoubted triumph. It is not just another effort to "set the self-same welkin ringing." It is a satisfying work of art which happens to be fashioned of native material. And it is not just another poem by E. J. Pratt. None of its serious lines quite rise to the level of the finest passages in *Brébeuf and His Brethren*; none of its comic interludes quite equal the best of *The Witches' Brew*; but in continuous power of expression, in depth and clarity of characterization, and in significance of theme, it marks a definite step forward in Pratt's development.

Desmond Pacey.

A MANY SPLENDOURED THING; Han Suyin; Clarke, Irwin; p. 384; \$3.25.

Han Suyin is the pseudonym which conceals the identity of a Chinese doctor educated in London. In this novel, which is largely autobiographical, she has pin-pointed her life and that of Mark Elliot, an English newspaper correspondent, against the backdrop of the Asiatic Revolution, particularly as it seethed in the backwash of Hongkong during 1950-51.

Both Han and Mark are intellectuals. Both carry within themselves deep layers of painful knowledge of the East and West. Han is a doctor with a European education but she is also an Eurasian geared to the endless culture of China; in her mind the oldest superstition jostles with the latest medical discovery. Mark is English; gentle, resilient and questioning; ready to assimilate the human meanings in the rise of communism in China; able to view with compassion the hysteria of freedom in the eye of a Chinese peasant who all his life has padded through excrement in a rice field he never owned. Mark came to Hongkong to carry out his newspaper assignments; search out truths in the Changing East; line up a woman for the satisfaction of his needs. Han is a technician, a communist in spirit, if not in

fact, who is returning to China "because she is Chinese." She is also a woman whose body and mind need the love of a man. Han is a widow with a little girl. Mark is a married man. Both are human beings.

"There is no urgency or aggression in their love. It grows slowly but tenaciously, like a vine, comforting, protecting and in the end betraying them, for even love cannot cover the separate and unique nature of their worlds. Han says: 'The acceptance of an ultimate doom gave us desperate fervor, 'un acharnement silencieux et total' which makes of love an apprentice of death.' Mark says: 'You are the light at the end of an endless corridor of darkness . . . and I am so happy although we have probably no hope at all.'"

The background which presses down and overwhelms these two people is the vast, cyclonic wind, sweeping ahead of it, into the tiny pocket of Hongkong, the twitching symbols of the past; and while here, for a time, red-taloned, idle, rich Chinese women still swoop down like gulls for the Chanel and falsies spread out on the counters, Han, looking far back, draws on her own deep and atavistic memories to record the precursor of all revolution.

"I remembered from the semi-conscious depths of childhood, sitting in the dining car of a train going across the Northern Plain from Peking to Hankow. My parents, my sister and I round the white tablecloth, and through the window was the plain, completely flooded, an ocean of brown water; here and there the top of a tree, here and there a roof. And on these roofs people were sitting. And then the waiters came, serving our first course, and all through the ample, many-coursed meal we sat and ate and looked out of the window, while the train ran on through the plain, and on the roofs, water-surrounded people waited to die."

This book has the dimension and authority of life. While the prose is often stylized and florid at times with passion, Han Suyin writes with a triple edge; as a surgeon who knows the resistance of cancer to the knife; as an artist who can project the evil and good that lies in the still centre of the heart; as an Eurasian woman who knows the ancient power of love.

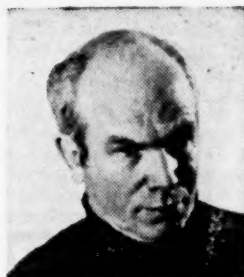
This is a remarkable book and I recommend it to all communists, intellectuals, journalists, ex-communists, ex-missionaries, clergymen, society girls, preachers and writers; in fact to all who have thought a little, a great deal, or none at all, about China. At the very end Han says: "I have dreamed a wonderful dream; of life, and love and death, of laughter, and tears, and good and ill, and all these things which are equal under Heaven, which equalizes all things."

Samuel Roddan:

MY INDIA: Jim Corbett: Oxford: pp. 190; \$2.50.

MY INDIA is a series of true folk-tales. The author, Col. Corbett, undertook a railway-handling contract and the management of several hundred natives in a remote corner of India at the age of twenty-one, and his book is an anecdotal account of the semi-feudal establishment he created.

Among Col. Corbett's favorite occupations are tiger-hunting and pig-sticking. The book contains two or three good stories of hunting in the jungle, which are usually followed by short moral reflections: "When Hitler's war was nearing its end I read extracts from speeches of three of the greatest men in the British Empire, accusing the enemy of attempting to introduce the 'law of the jungle' into the dealings of warring man and man. Had the Creator made the same law for man as He has for the jungle folk, there would be no war, for the strong in man would have the same consideration for the weak as is the established law of the



"No doctor, not Hippocrates, nor Jenner, nor Pasteur, nor Sir Alexander Fleming is known and venerated by as many people as Norman Bethune."

—DR. L. ELOESSER,
Clinical Professor of Surgery Emeritus,
Stanford University Medical School.

* * *

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THE SCALPEL, THE SWORD

by Ted Allan
and Sydney Gordon

Dr. Norman Bethune was a Canadian, a humanitarian, a renowned surgeon. His biographers describe him as a man who "lived on many levels, had many careers and became the stormy petrel of some of the decisive happenings of our era." As a highly paid Montreal practitioner he was an outspoken advocate of socialized medicine. He took his great skill to the Spanish Civil War and later to China where he saved countless lives and lost his own.

* * *

"Norman Bethune boasted he was a Communist. I say he was a Saint of God."

—DR. RICHARD BROWN,
Methodist Mission Hospital, Hankow.

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jungle." Although the tiger is hunted as a menace to the crops, Corbett pays glowing tribute to its sense of sportsmanship: "A tiger is a large-hearted gentleman with boundless courage, and when he is exterminated—as exterminated he will be unless public opinion rallies to his support—India will be the poorer for having lost the finest of her fauna."

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is the one entitled "Sultana: India's Robin Hood." It describes the tribes and castes that are traditionally devoted to crime as an occupation, and the spectacular career of a bandit who defied the government for years, showing why these tribes continue: "The government agent blamed the girls, who, he said, refused to marry any but successful criminals." The author often paid the debts of his workers, and paid them a higher salary than they could obtain elsewhere. He represented the best in colonial and paternal government, but realized that it was bound to disappear, and in many parts of Asia it has been replaced already by native governments, corrupt and far more oppressive. "When I hear of the labor unrest, strikes and communal disorders that are rife today, I am thankful that my men and I served India at a time when the interest of one was the interest of all, and when Hindu, Mohammedan, Depressed Class and Christian could live, work and play together in perfect harmony. As could be done today if agitators were eliminated, for the poor of India have no enmity against each other." That is his closing sentence.

John Grube.

THE MECHANICAL BRIDE: Herbert Marshall McLuhan; Copp Clark; pp. 157; \$5.75.

"... If the new reality of our time is in the main a collective dream or nightmare brought about by the mechanization of speech... then we must learn the art of using

all our wits in a dream world, as did James Joyce in *Finnegan's Wake*," wrote Dr. McLuhan in a recent article in the *International Review* entitled "Technology and Political Change."

This book in a sense is a guide to the reader who wishes to use all his wits in that dream world. An examination of the foibles of the machine age, this provocative and at times hilarious study of the fables that make up "the folklore of Industrial Man" obviously is the work of a writer who believes that no medicine is more cleansing than laughter. It is in fifty-nine sections—each a separate entity. There is the familiar advertisement, a series of derisive captions in bold face, and a critical analysis. Imitating the lay-out of an ad, each section serves the author's critical purpose in a functional manner. The titles of the sections provide their own comment—"Cokes and Cheesecake," "Pollyanna Digest," "Love-Goddess Assembly Line."

In the accompanying analysis, Dr. McLuhan shows a surgeon's skill in laying bare the myth beneath the surface, the submerged appeal to primitive instinct or neurotic compulsion.

He shows the overtures to the guilt complex—the promise of happiness through conformity or deodorization, and many other unhealthy messages hidden in the bland banality of the modern ad. By disclosing the unsuspected power of the modern media of communication, as exemplified in comic strip, ad, or blurb, Dr. McLuhan, of course, is striving to inoculate the reader against the more insidious examples.

As a professor at the University of Toronto, Dr. McLuhan has had ample opportunity to wonder how a vital literature, "in the relatively puny offerings sponsored by schools and colleges," could counteract the full flood of

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modern folklore emanating from TV and motion pictures, comic books, newspaper and radio. In terms of mass influence, these are far more potent than any learning gained in school.

The Mechanical Bride offers a challenging answer to this twentieth century problem. Instead of a direct attack, Dr. McLuhan has used the shock tactics of advertising with consummate skill. In other words, he has made deliberate use of "the new commercial education as a means of enlightening its intended prey."

The techniques of juxtaposition and discontinuity are used effectively throughout these pages. He points out that not only modern science and art rest on concepts of discontinuity and relativity, which have permeated modern music and painting — but they are basic techniques in advertising, motion pictures, and even newspapers. The writer has made telling use of the same technique throughout this book. *The Mechanical Bride* is an image of the machine to which man becomes more and more attuned—symbol of sex, death, and technology. The image also reflects the modern woman's use of sex as a power weapon, and her concentration on turning her body into a love machine—a streamlined instrument. At the same time the modern cult of hygiene reflects hatred of the body, a turning to more sadistic excitements.

If this author diverts, enlightens, and amuses, he also strikes a chill of terror at times. The landscape indicated in these pages is a wasteland indeed. *Elizabeth Trott.*

THEY HAD A GLORY: Davenport Steward; Burns & MacEachern; pp. 311; \$4.75.

This fantastic bit of sordid foolishness, over-written in the best historico-mammary school tradition, concerns the fornications and fights of a sexual cretin by the name of Munro Dunbar as he lopes his pebble-brained way from North Carolina to Kaintuck (Kentucky) after the Revolutionary War.

Apparently written for criminally insane children, the dreadful work has moments of unintended farce, such as: "Her breasts rose and fell. He felt good. 'Where can we stay, honey?'" And, after describing a fang-and-claw bedroom scene, the next paragraph opens with: "Dunbar wasn't feeling too chipper."

Gems like: "The habit of cleanliness was strong in him, because he had discovered that he felt better when he was clean"—and chunks of glittering dialogue such as:

"How cold can you get, Munro, and still live?"

"I've wondered that many a time in these mountains"—reward the patient reader from time to time and keep him pressing on to the best reward of all—the end of the book.

The price tag is probably intended to show us that the publishers have a highly developed sense of humor themselves. On the back of the book jacket is a Man of Distinction sort of photograph of the foister along with the astounding information that he's a pretty good photographer, too. Imagine being talented along two lines like that! *B.C.*

THE WALNUT TREES OF ALTENBURG: Andre Malraux; Longmans, Green; pp. 224; \$2.50.

The Walnut Trees of Altenburg is the first draft of a novel that was never finished. Apart from an introduction and epilogue, it describes the career of a German professor and diplomat in the Middle East before World War I; an intellectual gathering at the chalet of his distinguished uncle in Altenburg; and his experiments with poison gas on the Eastern Front.

With remarkable lucidity, Malraux reproduces the thought and culture of prewar Germany and its gradual suppression in favor of technical expertise. His argument and philosophy are sometimes hard to follow, but the work remains a brilliant and, in parts, beautiful, fragment. *John Grube.*

THE MOON AND THE BONFIRE: Cesare Pavese; Longmans, Green; pp. 189; \$2.50.

Much of the author's early writing was in the field of American criticism and this, his last work before his death, seems to show a preference for the monosyllabic, talking-bear style of prose begun by Hemingway and faithfully carried on by hundreds of present-day followers.

The story concerns an Italian peasant who has gone to America, made some money, and returned to Piedmont to

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look for his boyhood friends. It is a tragic, brutal story told with sincerity and restraint. Whether or not it should have been told with restraint is something for Roy Campbell to ascertain. But there is no denying the depths of the author's feeling for his wretched peasant people and their miserable work-worn lives.

It's difficult to know whether the translation by Louise Sinclair is good or not; maybe the monosyllabic approach is Miss Sinclair's, it's hard to say. No matter; the story is gripping and truthful, so much so that one wishes the spectator method had been cast aside and that Pavese had opened up his mind, or the minds of his characters. With a pen as fine as his, the author's intuitions couldn't have been far from the truth. *B.C.*

Books Received

SHARE OWNERSHIP IN THE UNITED STATES: Lewis H. Kimmel; Burns & MacEachern; pp. 140; \$1.75.

WILLIAM FAULKNER: A CRITICAL STUDY: Irving Howe; Random House; pp. 203; \$3.75.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN POLITICS: Samuel Lubell; Musson; pp. 285; \$4.50.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA: Ernest Hemingway; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 140; \$3.00.

THE TRAITORS: THE DOUBLE LIFE OF FUCHS, PONTECORVO, AND NUNN MAY: Alan Moorehead; British Book Service; pp. 222; \$3.00.

A WORTHY MAN: Robert Standish; British Book Service; pp. 277; \$3.00.

THE NEW STATE OF ISRAEL: Gerald De Gaury; Ambassador; pp. 260; \$3.75.

SAINTS IN POLITICS: Ernest Marshall Howse; Univ. of Toronto Press; pp. 215; \$5.00.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION: L. W. Grensted; Oxford (Home Univ. Lib.); pp. 181; \$1.50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ARISTOTLE: D. J. Allan; Oxford (Home Univ. Lib. of Modern Knowledge); pp. 220; \$1.50.

THE ART OF SINKING IN POETRY: Edna Leake Steeves; Oxford (King's Crown Press); pp. 207; \$4.25.

QUEEN ANNE'S AMERICAN KINGS: Richmond P. Bond; Oxford; pp. 148; \$3.50.

THE FAR COUNTRY: Nevil Shute; George J. McLeod; pp. 343; \$4.00.

THE SCALPEL, THE SWORD, THE STORY OF DR. NORMAN BETHUNE: Ted Allan and Sydney Gordon; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 336; \$5.00.

SCIENCE AND VALUES: John A. Irving; Ryerson; pp. 146; \$3.50.

Our Contributors

DR. L. C. COLEMAN, now of Victoria, B.C., was, for twenty-six years, director of agriculture in the state of Mysore, India, and a member of the Indian Board of Agriculture. He has also made extensive agricultural studies in Indonesia, Malay and the Philippines . . . **LOUIS S. BELKIN**, of Akron, Ohio, is general counsel for the International Chemical Workers Union, AFL . . . **SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET** is with the department of sociology, Columbia University . . . **DOROTHY ANN MACDONALD**, of Vancouver, B.C., contributed an article, "Co-operative Housing in Sweden," to our issue of July, 1946 . . . **GERALD PRATLEY** is a continuity writer and has been with the CBC since 1946. He is a regular contributor to *Films in Review* and *The Hollywood Quarterly* . . . **W. M. WADLEY**, an accountant and for several years a happy Torontonian, has recently made his home in Ottawa.

Taxation of Corporate Income in Canada

By J. R. PETRIE. This thorough, comprehensive, and reliable book, sponsored by the Canadian Tax Foundation, examines the really significant problems connected with the present method of taxing corporate income and dividends in Canada. \$7.00

Saints in Politics

By E. M. HOWSE. The vividly told story of the Clapham Sect and its leader, Wilberforce. Dr. Howse tells how this "brotherhood of Christian politicians," living in the injustice and misery of the early nineteenth century, helped to shape the moral, philanthropic, and religious ideas which later transformed England and the entire world. \$5.00

The Canadian Grain Trade 1931-1951

By D. A. MACGIBBON. This book traces in an accurate and objective manner the sequence of events during the last twenty years which have influenced the organization of the Canadian grain trade. It tells of momentous changes in the production and marketing of western grain. \$4.50

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MARIAN EVANS AND GEORGE ELIOT

by

Laurence and Elisabeth Hanson

This biography of George Eliot presents for the first time a full and faithful portrait of the woman as well as of the novelist. The authors have gone back to George Eliot's letters, many hitherto unpublished, many more expurgated in the interests of Victorian reticence; and they have had access to the great George Eliot collections in England and the United States. The result is a fascinating portrait of a woman who has been described as typical of her age, yet whose work far outreaches her time. Her struggle between tradition and progress and her attempts to reconcile her remarkable intellect and her warm heart are clearly portrayed by the Hansons. The issue of this struggle is seen in the novels, which this book will help readers still better to understand and appreciate. \$5.50



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